

THE
Dual Image

A Mystical Poem of Life.

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Errata.

| PAGE | LINE | ERROR |
|------|---------|--|
| 23 | 24 | for <i>to now</i> read <i>now to</i> . |
| 32 | 4 | read <i>or</i> before <i>nigh</i> . |
| 52 | 10 & 19 | for <i>rains and rain</i> read <i>reins and rein</i> . |
| 63 | 2 | read <i>a</i> before <i>ruinous</i> . |
| 92 | 7 | leave out <i>met</i> . |
| 93 | 23 | read <i>thee</i> for <i>the</i> . |
| 114 | 7 | „ <i>Naiades</i> for <i>Naiids</i> . |
| 171 | 25 | „ <i>planes</i> for <i>plains</i> . |

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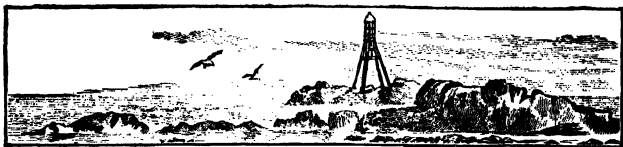
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PREFACE.

THE DUAL IMAGE, i.e., Complemental Man, male and female, while complete in itself, may be regarded as a continuation or second part of the Author's previous poem, titled, "Humanity and the Man." It represents the more direct teaching of the female Genius of Intuition, while "Humanity and the Man" deals with the not less needful but less direct teaching of the male Genius of Intellect. Yet there is no hard and fast line to be drawn, for both stages, the intellectual and intuitional, necessarily overlap each other. The poems therefore portraying, as they do, the ascent of man through the worship of Ideals, may be regarded as one poem,—“The Epic of Evolution” both physically and spiritually; the subject matter of which, it may be noted, will be found much elucidated by the prose essays published with the first and revised editions of either poem in the volumes of selections, titled respectively, “The Fall of Lucifer” and “Ideal Gods.”

—THE AUTHOR.

Note.—While unable to mention by name the many works consulted in the composition of the poems, the Author feels that he must acknowledge his special indebtedness to “The Story of the Nations” Series, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London.



The Dual Image.

BOOK I.

THAT Spirit might not unprolific dwell
Alone, immersed in the Abysmal Deep,
But know in full the tide of myriad life
And share therein the joys of love and kind
It set within the Infinite the lines
Of limitation and forthwith became
By institution of the Dual Type,
The One in twain in complementary mode
The active and potential Source and Cause
Of all that is in any form made known,
Whether on psychic or on mundane planes.—
A mode of sacrifice self offered in
The breaking of the equilibrium.
To find its rest upon another base—
The base of love, that all-compelling force,
That of itself the stream of life evolves
And joy therewith through sacrifice obtained.
For all the Kosmos or the Universe
Is but the harmony and interplay

Of blending, co-related lines that make
The written glyphs of thought-projected forms.
The thronging systems of Immensity,
That fill the void or in the ether roll,
Are symbols and embodiments of thought,
And 'mong them first the sphere itself appears;
Primordial form that all the forms contain
With cube and square and angle in the midst.
The sphere, expressed in every floating cell,
Contains Creation in potential mode;
For every form of manifested life
To man himself, through every joint and limb,
Displays the contour of spheroidal lines
In divers curves, elliptical or round,—
Segmental groupings of the primal type
That nature so manipulates to form
The grand extremes of her embodiments,
This is the type which lends itself, alike,
To shape the outlines of the evil beast,
The dragon fell, or man the crowning work—
The Dual Image of the Adonai
Made manifest in complemental mode,
The moulding artists being Hate and Love.
And hence it is that intellectual beings
Can rise or fall according to their choice,
Their inward wishes taking outward form,
Each the expression of some mental trait.
Hence, too, it is that, with all sentient things
Man seems with God, the Infinite, ordained
To work alike, creating in his turn;

His thoughts and aspirations reaching out
Till plastic nature bending to their power
Gives out her wealth along her lines, enhanced
And modified according to his will.
But greater still, re-acting on himself,
They filled his mind with glowing fantasy
And veiled percepts of something yet beyond—
Dim outline-forms, that ever and anon
Would strangely rise before his mental sight,
Filling his hopes, until their meaning dawned
Upon his mind as inspiration came,
And with its light allayed all doubt and gave
Assurance of what he in dreams beheld.
Then broke for him a new and fuller life
With love and longing striving in his soul,
Till of the twain creative art was born,
Becoming soon a mighty, moulding power,—
A moulding power that ever strove to raise
Humanity, in that she always yearned
To realize in lasting form and fix
The “beautiful” in which she lived, that all
Might see and love and be at one with it
In complementary equilibrium.

So mused a man, the Traveller erewhile called,
In science versed upon the mundane plane
Being in himself a type of all mankind.
For aspirations vague and dim at first
Possessed him only, rising in his dreams,
Till in ripe years his early musings changed

To inspiration and the light of soul.
Then vision came and in the light he saw
What he had hoped now openly revealed;
And much beside—the inmost soul of things,
And “beauty” as the crown of life itself,
Ineffable, transcending mortal form;
For robed in light, no longer fantasy,
Before his gaze the true “ideal” stood,
Sublimely fair, beyond conception, clothed
In beauty and divinest symmetry:
Yet pined he not like him of Latmos when
In dreaming ecstasy upon the hills
Beneath the moon, he saw his love unveiled;
For well he knew the crowning of his life
Was in that vision and would be fulfilled;
Nay was fulfilled, for henceforth by his side
A radiant being stood, his guiding light
And polar star, that as a magnet held
Him in the hold of ever-during love!
But how describe this being henceforth his?
What words can tell what words transcend, but say
That she was fair beyond all human thought?
For who could paint those features and that form
So exquisitely moulded that no art
Could reach them, or convey in any mode
The smile upon those rosy lips or catch
And give the full expression of those eyes,
So wonderful, half-veiled beneath the sweep
Of soft and curving lashes, that enhanced
Beyond describing the effect that flowed,

A mystic current from those liquid orbs,
The founts of love, so full of smouldering fire
And passion, yet so tender and so chaste.
Whose every movement too, so perfect, seemed
Like nature heightened by unconscious art,
And all her bearing, gentleness itself;
For not that majesty that overawes,—
That high, imperious consciousness of worth,
That makes the lowly shrink abashed,—was hers
But in its stead was all the winning grace
And sweetness that immortal love could add
To beautify its shrine and make thereof
A fitting habitation for itself;
For bending forward with that wondrous look,
So inexpressible, she seemed to say:
“Thou art mine own, mine equal and my spouse,
My complement, without whom I were nought;
So in mine eyes thou art more fair than I,
For in thee only is my life fulfilled,”
Then added, in harmonious voice, aloud:
Thou long hast thought upon life’s mystery,
•Its vast, eternally recurring rounds
Of rest and re-birth and activity,
And sought therein the passage of the soul
From light to dark, from dark to light again;
Come then with me, and we will see in part
The latter in its human phase unveiled.”

So saying, with her presence she endowed
Him with new senses, faculties and powers,

That far surpassed the limits of the old.
Exempt now from the force of gravity,
He moved in space according as he willed,
And onward, fleet as in a dream, he sped
Escorted by his guide, while round him played
An atmosphere of radiant light that all
His senses bathed in rapturous delight.
On either hand, new lands appeared and passed,—
Wide tracts of wilderness and jungle growth,
Vast mountains and impenetrable woods,
And lakes and fens and mighty streams, that dwarfed
The Indus or the Amazon in flood,
Where huge, unwieldy monsters laved and browsed
Upon the plants that grew about the marge.
For as they sped the present ever seemed
To fade and merge into the distant past—
The twilight dim of ages long ago,
When man himself, an animal uncouth,
Contended with the animals around.

So wandered they in lands now lost in time
Until at length in southern climes they came
Upon a rolling plain with palm-wood flats,
That lay upon the margin of the sea,
Where all the products of the tropics grew,
With cocoas, dates and divers palms that bore
Their nuts and fruits and yielded ample stores
Of all things needful to the savage state;
For early man had here his home and dwelt,
Contending with the oranges of the woods,

And winding from the plains through groves and flats
The branches of a noble river strayed,—
Diverging outlets of the parent stream,
Out-spreading oft into a crystal mere,
That like a mirror lay among the palms
Reflecting all that stood about the marge,—
The graceful stems and leaves and gay festoons
In pendant loops, from flowering creepers hung,
The gaudy birds that perched upon the trees
Or flew around or on the water lay
Among the lillies and the lotus flowers,
Or stalked as flamingoes on stilted legs,
Or stood in line, in scarlet plumes erect,
Like sentinals along the water's edge.
All these and more were mirrored in the meres
At morning's prime or when the winds were still.
The sward besides and every creeper seemed
A studded mass of many coloured blooms
With nectar stored—a paradise of bees
And divers gnats, that hovering round them sang;
Their myriad voices blending into one
United Symphony, a dream-like chant,
That soothed the soul and chimed in harmony
With louder tones that flooded all the place;
For all the fragrant air was full of sound—
The beating of the surf upon the shore,
That as a hollow, basic undertone,
Still rose and fell in keeping with the wind;—
The wind from the ocean-deeps awoke
And landward blew and breathed among the palms

And tossed their leaves in amorous delight
And music made in concert with the waves:
Such music as the Nereids and Old Pan,
Met in some forest bordering on the sea.
Might draw from reeds and hollow-sounding shells.

And strangely intermingling with the life,
That lent such animation to the scene
Was early man, himself a part thereof
Essentially in keeping with the whole;
Or more, indeed, its utmost crowning point,
The headstone of the pyramid of life;
For in him was the god-like form outlined,
With its harmonious adjustments framed
For vast achievements in the days to come;
And though remote from the attainment, yet
Its very prophecy in him contained,
Like some great head-light in the night of time,
Ere yet the bright rays of the dawning came,
Illumed the solitudes and lent the wilds
A social air and interest that they
Had wanted else were none but oranges there.

But though man lived in striking unity
With nature and the scenes that round him lay
And though he prized unwittingly his home—
A land that all his pressing wants supplied,
No thought of all its scenic loveliness
Or wealth of beauty dawned upon his mind,
For heedless as an animal he lived,

Contented with the sunshine and the shade,
In which he loved to drowse away his life,
Until the rude winds from the sea arrived
And with them too the thunder and the rain,
Which roused him from his apathy and forced
Him to exertion and forethought—how best
A fitting habitation to construct
Of boughs and leaves—a refuge from the storm:
And so in time a builder he became.
The great apes too, beyond all other brutes,
Annoyed him, for they raided his domains—
Arboreal thieves, that ate up all his fruit
And turned upon himself and worried him,
Till man united in defence and formed
The first rude soldiers of the wilderness,
Who singly weak, no match for oranges, found
Their strength in union and the use of arms;
For with such weapons as their skill supplied—
Sharp stakes and clubs—they felled and killed the apes,
Who learning soon they could not cope with man,
Kept at a distance and avoided him.

All these wild creatures he disliked because
Of their propensity to steal his fruit
And strangle him, if taken unawares;
But more indeed because their gruesome form
And blurred half-likeness of himself evoked
An innate fear and horror that no pard
Or tiger of the jungle could inspire
Though it should rend him flesh and bone to shreds.

Their hideousness seen at close quarters jarred
Upon his sight; for in the creature's eyes
More than in other animals there glowed,
Like burning coals, the fires of burning rage,—
A fell ferocity that knew no bounds
And made him shrink as from a deadly thing.
And yet indeed this was not always so:
Seen unobserved or in a peaceful mood
A painful, pitiful, half-human look
Dwelt in those eyes so terrible when roused;—
A look as if some dim remembrance now
Shone o'er the dark and painful mystery
And laid the groundwork of a rising hope,—
A vague sad look that ever seemed to say,—
“Ah me! Ah me! what spell is on my life,
When will the gruesome riddle be explained;
Perhaps that for a time I am decreed
To stand opposed to grace and symmetry,
Thus low, but not the lowest in the scale,
And made a part, a necessary chord
Of that rough discord which is needed still
In working out the lineal harmony,
That ever in the “beautiful” is found;
For beauty seems the end and aim of all,
For in it is the radiant “shrine” adorned;
And so must bide my time a prisoner bound
To hobble here under a gruesome spell,
On shapeless limbs, neither erect as man,
Whose gait and bearing are a joy to see,
And all his movements, as the graceful dance,

The rhythmic beat of visual harmony;
Nor prone with ease, as yonder bounding stag,
That skims the plain or stamps in wanton pride,
His head aloft, with branching antlers crowned."

Thus was the great ape of the wilderness
A pain and puzzle to himself at times,
And man besides whene'er he brooding, sat,
As if he mused with longing in his eyes;—
A vague half-reasoning wish as though he sought
And would attain to higher state some day.
But man, who stood in human form erect,
And was the envy of all creatures now,
Seemed all unmindful of his high estate,
And took no thought but lived an animal;
For all his progress from compulsion came,
Forced from without by driving circumstance,
Not from within, to any foresight due.
This though a gain that tended to increase
As ever new emergencies arose,
Yet all seemed hopeless for his thoughts were nil;
No growing habits of reflection came
To stir the dormant energies within,
Awaking intuition and the light
Of soul, that, as a beacon from of old,
Would soon illumine the darkness and disclose
The vast arcana of the spirit life
And force those faculties, which undeveloped,
Man would the while an animal remain.

So growth of mind among those people seemed
A thing afar, if not an idle dream,
Unto the Traveller, who, despondent, had
Beheld them drowsing in a listless mood,
Averse to thinking and to thought unused,
Till on a day when wandering 'mong groves
He came abruptly on a rising knoll—
A fairy mound upon the level sward,
That stood alone, hard by an open glade
Where wrought an artist on a block of stone,
A soapy mass, that slight resistance gave.—
An artist labouring to express in form
The vague ideal imagined in his mind.
And by the the knoll and in the glade there lay
A limped mere with floating lilies crowned—
A lakelet clearer than that fountain where
In after years the frail Narcissus gazed,
And saw himself and vainly plunged therein
To grasp his love, but only met the wave,
Impatient for the dimly mirrored form,
The fair ideal not yet within his reach,
Yet would some day, with patience, crown his life,
Though further off than he had then conceived.

So wrought the artist by the crystal mere,
Beneath the palm trees, struggling to express
In outward form the image in his mind—
An uncouth idol, shapeless and bedaubed
With pigment, yet best, and it was great,
His art could reach, for was it not indeed

The outward symbol of his nascent thought
In recognition of a Higher Power;
A Power supernal, and beyond himself,
That might assist him and preserve his tribe
From all mishaps, and grant them length of days
If they besought him in sincerity,
Not with lip homage, talk and fulsome praise,
But with free gifts and votive offerings, made
In food and drink of cocoa-milk and fruit
Of divers sorts, the best the groves supplied.
Such their belief as children, for as yet
Hypocrisy among them had no place,
For worship had not grown into a trade,
As afterwards with good and evil fraught.

Thus was his primitive creation great:
Let none of those who have in art excelled
Disdain the rude achievements, for they are
The outcome of such souls as had aspired,
Conceiving of things higher than they knew,
To which in time, they surely would attain
And raise thereto the whole community,
Arousing them from apathy and sloth
In so far as they had awaked in them,
As in themselves, though in a less degree
That inspiration which would lead them on,
If not as artists destined to create,
Yet with expanded faculties to know
And venerate the "beautiful" when seen,
Till seeing it they in its likeness grew;

For when he brought his labours to a close
And had set up his Idol on the knoll
A look of triumph and of hopefulness
Dwelt in his eyes, when gathering, the crowd
Expressed, with acclamation and surprise,
Their earnest admiration of the work,
In which the "god" now henceforth would reside
And thus become their guardian deity.

And so the artist and his tribe had gained
An upward step and mutual progress made;
For in the "god" however rude in form,
Each thought he saw a greater than himself,
And, bowing, felt so much the more a man:
For admiration and respect were born,
And veneration for a higher Power—
A Power to whom they inwardly perceived
They were united and from whom they came.
The dormant intuition in them had,
As sons of God, thus fairly been aroused;
For in the act of childish worship now
The soul had burst its fetters, and stood free
To gain in time its primal heritage.
In this one act they passed the rubicon:
No longer now was man a prisoner bound
As was the ape, the orang of the woods,
Who knows not yet to worship or adore.

Thus as by instinct, rising to its source,
Had early man o'er leapt the barrier

And gained a step, and cleared the darkesome gulf
That from the human separates the brute;
And on his view a mighty vista rose
With way-marks pointing to the distant heights
Of Deity in angel-hood revealed.
But long the way—and darkness on it lay,
A toilsome way, in worship thus begun,—
In worship! for they had the knowledge gained
Of “good” and “evil” and with them must strive,
With worship henceforth as their chief ally,
Of prime importance to the growth of mind,
Which they must use, a lamp amid the gloom,
For ages dim, till they outgrow its need;
And formal worship ends, a drag become;
Superfluous, not wanted in the light
Of fuller intuition when the soul,
As from the mount of delectation, sees
The blush of rising day and sits absorbed
In contemplation of the truth sublime,
In contemplation, which is worship still,
Not couched in words with cumbrous ceremony,
But silent homage, which the soul accords,—
The adoration of a higher plane
Deep centered in a universe of Love!

Such was the vision of primeval man
Which rose, unfolded from the mists of time;
A partial glimpse, compressed into a span,
Of that which stood through immemorial years;
A meagre tithe of all that was the while

That man, in training, lived an animal
Ere yet he found the talisman of "thought"
To scale the heights of Knowledge and regain
The consciousness of his immortal being!



BOOK II.

THE scene was changed; no longer palm-wood flats
And fruitful groves hemmed round by sunny seas
Where man was nurtured as in Nature's lap
With fruits abundant, living at his ease;
Nor ever sought or wished for any change;
But vague and dream-like rose a misty land,
A strange primeval clime, a wilderness
Of wood and wild, and mountain waste upheaved
In point of time but newly from the abyss.
Unheaved in walls and towering pinnacles,—
Known later as the Himalayan range,—
That shattered, angular and ruinous,
Stood bare and threat'ning; for unstable yet,
The hanging cliffs, when sapped by storm or rain
Or parted by their own impendent weight

With awful din, fell, crashing to the glens;
Till slowly righted by the march of time
The ruin paused and fertile vales were formed
With limpid lakes and many a winding stream.
And from the mountains and their nestling vales
A rolling upland wide-extended lay,—
Vast open plains in richest verdure clad
With tracts of jungle running nigh the streams:
For in the Northern hemisphere prevailed,
From Polar Regions to the Southern Seas,
A genial warmth and humid air that clothed
The soil with rankest vegetation where
In this cold age but barren steppes appear.
While in the glens of this high mountain-land
A rich display of arborescent forms
In tropical profusion was arranged
By Nature's ready but unrivalled art.
There by the margin of the glossy lake
The tufted palms in stately grandeur rose,
Their nodding plumes made music in the breeze
Or stood reflected in the limpid mere
At sultry noon when Nature sought repose
And drowsing lay, lulled by the dreamy hum
Of forest life, the myriad tribes that held
Their aerial dance, disporting in the sun.
And there on mounds and terraces laid out
Were flowering shrubs, tree-ferns and evergreens
Inwrought with climbers forming thickest shade,—
Cool sylvan bowers, of woodland sprites the home,
Where oft they held their revels at high noon

And danced in circles to the sounding lyre,
As later in the Land of Song they danced,
Joined with the Naidēs and the Sisters Nine,
In that bright glade nigh to the fountain where
Actæon saw the Huntress Queen unveiled,
As from the bath she with her train emerged
All glowing with love's longing in her eyes;
But not for him or one of mortal mould

Who undeveloped yet must not aspire
To win the favour of the maid divine
Or mate with "beauty" of Olympian birth
Or look on her unrobed, being all too gross
To gaze yet freely with impunity
On such perfection openly revealed!

And o'er the land on steppe and plain alike
Or in the glens and jungle-waste, the brood
Of earth's uncouth, primeval progeny
Roamed wild at will and with each other warred
There wallowed in the reedy stream and browsed
On water plants the Dinotherium,
The hugest beast of all that walked the earth
Or swam the rivers of the primal world.
There, too, roamed free the mighty Mastodon
And shaggy Mammoth, elephantine brutes,
Whose tusks, enormous and unequalled since
For strength and weight, no creature might withstand;
Not though the Dinotherium opposed
His gruesome front in battle or the fell,
Unwieldy Iguanodon, mail-clad,

If any then upon the earth remained.—
Earth-shaking monsters of a bygone age
No myth or fancy, but reality
Whose Astral shades still walk in ghostly form,
Returning yearly to their haunts in life
When gloomy winter broods upon the land,
And through the sere grass and the weeping boughs
Of ragged birch-trees and old pine the winds
Moan drearily, as though they sang a dirge
To greet those creatures of a long past time,—
Grim visitants from the Hadean Realm,
Thus walking nightly, as they walked of yore,
In lonely valleys by the water's edge
Or in low meadows by some reedy fen,
Or some wild spot where lie their mighty bones,
Which oft-times the affrighted peasant seeing
Late in the gloaming or beneath the moon,
Pacing gigantic, almost by his side,
Blesses himself and calls upon the saints,
And trembling hies him home, nor ever dares
To pass again that dismal place by night.

And in this land, the land of Mastodons,
Huge ruminants and ravening beasts of prey,
The giant brood of that primeval time
When nature revelled as in early youth,
Rejoicing in her mighty progeny,
Was man himself a nomad hunter now,
No longer fed as heretofore on fruits
But living on the products of the chase.

And far and wide the wandering hordes were found
In single families and clans that dwelt
Among the woods or on the plains in huts
And such rude shelters, as their dawning art,
Of broken boughs, had taught them to construct
O'erlaid with grass or bushy pine or palm
To cast the rain and screen them from the blast
Or serve them as a sun-shade in the heat.
But many made the caves, where caves were found,
Their dwellings and their places of retreat;
And lived like gnomes within their dens so long
As game abounded in the neighbourhood,
Which they pursued and took by cunning wiles,
Securing oft the shaggy bear itself,
Or e'en at times the mighty mastodon,
When helpless in the miry bog it sank
Where they dispatched it with their swinging clubs,
Two handed poles with ponderous heads of stone.

Of caves and dens and thick woods they had need
To hide them from their fellows, for not game
Sought they alone, but every wandering tribe
Kidnapped their kind, if taken unawares
Or overpowered them by mean force if few.
For man, the early nomad hunter, had
From hunting learned to be a cannibal
In those dark days depopulating earth;
For his own kind, earth's children he devoured,
As ancient Kronos it the night of time;
So legends tell till greater Zeus was born

Escaped his maw, and took the reins and ruled
As Sovereign Lord with his associate peers,
Till man was lifted to a higher plane—
Lifted at length above the Kronian hordes,
As those had been above the Ouranides,
The stock of Cœlus old made impotent,
As to extinction doomed; but ere their doom,
The time mature, the Kronide race brought forth,
Who, in their turn, a higher race produced—
A higher race the flower of human kind,
Long afterwards in Hella's land matured,
As told in veiled and mythic narrative;
And symbolized as the Olympians
For wisdom, power and divers traits renowned
With "beauty" more than mortal typified
As Venus from the mystic wave uprisen

But long the dim and weary circling years
That must elapse ere this event take place,
The advent of the time when force untrained
Shall yield, a servant to the intellect,
Earth to subdue, replenish and beautify.
Oh! long indeed the years untimed, to pass
Till this new epoch in man's life arrive;
For not e'en yet the stars, the first of his
Time-keepers, were appointed to foreshow
The coming of the seasons in their course
Or note the advent of the heat or cold,
As afterwards in those old days they were,
Until deposed from office, being found

Inaccurate and misleading, when the moon,
And finally the sun, as more exact,
Were chosen as celestial watchers, set
To mark the seasons and the rolling years.
And so the Traveller sighed, oppressed to think,
The weary, hopeless waiting in the dark
That must elapse ere dawning light appear—
The light of mind by which he shall constrain
The elements and hold them as his thralls,
Ruling as lord the planetary worlds,
Co-partner in Creation with the Gods!

Then spake his Guide in soothing tones and said,
‘Be not despondent, for you see in me
As in yourself what time will yet achieve
For those rude people or the race from them
To be derived; for of themselves indeed
There is no hope, immediate or direct;
But they as part of the organic whole,
Cannot be lost but all along the line
Will be in blood co-mingled with the race—
The higher race their children by descent,
Who shall them from Hadean bonds redeem,
Uplifting them in ways men know not of,
Or, at the best, but dimly may surmise.
Then sorrow not, all will be well in time;
There is no hurry in Eternity;
For long is short therein; and that which was,
Is that which is repeated evermore.
Even in those cycles of development

Which unto man seem infinite, there is
No hurry, for the manifesting life
Works leisurely under the lead of "law"
Until it reach its culminating point
In the attainment of its rest in God!
Which it enjoys until its period lapse,
When it resumes its active life once more,
Constrained thereto by love's impelling force!"

And then, continuing, she said again,—
"Be not despondent, neither think it strange
That from these people such a race should spring;
For they, the gods whose office is to guide
Man's destiny are working to this end,
Their power concentrating so, that when,
The time arrives, the new birth may take place,—
Such births unique, beyond the normal range,
Men look upon as heaven-sent Avatars,
Or gods incarnate, coming to redeem,
Or in a less degree some prophet born
Or Mage appointed to instruct mankind.

And now prepare the new race to behold,
The time is ripe the gods have taken thought
Men in their likeness to now re-create.
And hence the name to these new-comers given—
Their title paramount as Sons of God:
A name by which they were distinguished long
Among the races midst of which they came,
And unto whom they seemed as gods themselves,

Compelling worship and obedience."

And then a dreamy state of somnolence
His outward senses in oblivion rapt.
How long he knew not but he woke to see
Where late wild tribes of Kronian hunters roamed,
A noble race and fair, who hunted not
But tamed the animals, wild ruminants,
Both sheep and kine and trained them to the yoke,
And bred them up; for they were husbandmen
Who tended to their flocks and tilled the land,
And in due season garnered in the grain.

And 'mong them, too, the household arts progressed
As though some God had taught them from the first;
For with rude implements they set to work
And compassed much and many things found out.
And 'mong them, copper, ready to their hand,
A useful thing that served them till they learned
The art of smelting and from native ores
Obtained the metals which they wrought with skill.
And then their progress trebled, for they then,
Dividing labour 'mong themselves pursued,
As aptitude or inclination led,
Their several trades and handicrafts and soon
Became therein proficient artisans.

They noted, too, the seasons and the sun
Ascending and receding, and the stars,
That told them of the advent of the spring;

The evening twilight, when the moon was gone,
In dubious battle wrestling with the dark
The weary night until the dawn appeared—
The rosy queen, who vanquished with her shafts
The evil monster who opposed the light,
And held the moon in durance, having bound
Her fast three days, till rescued by her son,
Who in his turn the demons overcame.
They knew the points and changes of the wind
And marked with care the aspect of the clouds,—
Those airy shapes that ever came and went,
The fertile source of many an ancient myth:
For now like kine they drove across the sky
And from their udders dropped the genial rain
Like showers of milk upon the thirsty earth.
And now of inky blackness, imminent,
Like mountain rocks and turrets, the abode
Of demons, that from out the darkness shot
Their fiery bolts, that swift destruction dealt
To man and beast prostrating men with fear:
But then again inspiring them with hope;
For was it not the God of many names,
The friend of man, the ruler of the sky,
Whose voice they heard in thunder as he smote
Those ærial battlements and drove from thence
The evil demons of the drought, who stole
The heavenly kine and held them in their forts.

Religion too and worship had their care;
But they in all these matters had attained

A higher grade than erewhile we had seen
Among those races by the Southern Sea,
Who sought such places for their fetishes
As glades and fountains by some rising knoll,
Which they had noted as the nightly haunt
Of sylvan sprites or spirits of their kind,
Who immature and dark as they had lived,
Still dwelt around them as they dwelt of yore.
But these, the new-race, though they likewise had
Their mounds and groves and sacred places, lived
In closer touch with nature, which inspired
Them ever with her own deep earnestness.
And hence their worship as their every act
Bore all the impress of reality.
And so religion was at once to them
An educator and their rule of life;
For then to make men think was with the Mage
The grand consideration and outweighed
All other thoughts; and so they gave to men
Thought-symbols, images from nature drawn,
And systems, numbers, abstracts, principles,
And wisdom veiled in allegoric dress,
In substance one, yet seeming different,
And like the stars and changing sun and moon
Returning to the places they had left.
Nor lacked they deepest insight for they had
A higher revelation through their Seers,—
A revelation suited to their needs
To lead them in the paths of rectitude,

While aiding much their mental faculties.
But no pronouncement final to them given !
Nor yet infallible nor once for all,
To cramp their mind and cramp the use of thought.
As later teachers taught them to believe
Retarding progress ; for they said—"Think not,
But cling to these our dogmas literalized,
And you shall have the merit of true faith."

And hence to them the worship of the gods
Was paramount, their first and chief concern.
Their mode of, service, extant even yet,
At least in shadow, was a festival
In which at intervals the people joined
In friendly and convivial fellowship
And on the altars of the God Supreme
They laid their offerings of meat and drink.
The meats with sacrificial rites they burned
In divers ways or otherwise removed:
The drink-libation of the gods they poured
In part, with invocations on the ground,
Partaking freely of the same themselves ;
For drink, the "soma," the fermented juice,
Extracted from the trees of Knowledge, held
The foremost place in all their mysteries,
As the Nepenthe or the draft divine,
That made men wise uniting them with gods,
Expanding oft the man into the Mage
With all the lucid vision of the Seer:

And 'mong the people in a less degree
An opener of the intellect and chief
Promoter of convivial harmony
And kindly sympathy tween man and man ;
And hence the ancient legend that the vine,
Of all the "soma" yielding trees the chief,
Was first by man from Paradise obtained—
The tree of knowledge that had made him wise.

Such was the race the Adamites so-called,
Who came to take possession of the earth
And rule as lords by right of intellect
The lower races they appeared among,
Till wholly superseded ; for it seemed
Those races then had their allotted work
On earth fulfilled and so must pass away
As though deprived of their virility,
Unfruitful rendered by the hand of Time,
As were the "fauna" of their hunting grounds,
Which passed likewise when they had once produced
Their divers offspring on a higher scale.
But yet not wholly or at once in mass
But slowly running through the centuries,
Yet much more rapidly along the line
Of contact where the agencies at work
Were most pronounced, effecting good or bad.
For here indeed, while many were improved
And taught some knowledge of the arts of life,
Which they imparted to more distant tribes,
As witnessed by those remnants of their skill

The products of the Neolithic age,
That oft are found embedded in the soil.
And many more, of greater import still,
Abandoning their savage life, became
In blood co-mingled with the higher race;
A needful step with weighty issues fraught,
The starting point; for chiefly by this means
The law of evolution in both worlds
Has scope for action linking race with race
Until the whole from high to low are bound
In one great chain of common brotherhood.
For after this in ages yet remote
A race shall rise from many sources drawn,
Who reaching to the bounds of earth shall blend,
Commingling with the races of the world,
And thus combine the elements of all,
Preserving, lifting and uniting them,
That none be lost, past, present, or to come,
But be upraised in keeping with the law
Of cyclic evolution until man
Attains unto the stature of the gods!
Yet still the vast majority derived
No temporal or present benefit,
But rather loss and injury sustained;
For seemingly they lost all energy
As though their faculties were paralysed,
Dejected by the progress of the race,
Whom they could neither vie with nor understand.

And so they vanished all along the line

Or fled in terror to the distant wilds
Where they in secret consultation met,
And with dark rites and incantations sought
The progress of the rising race to stay;
For to their "fetishes" uncouth they joined
The dreadful worship of the Serpent Cult;
For in the Serpent they had recognised
A brute endowed with subtle faculties,
An evil Mage amongst the animals,
That crawling, footless, on its belly prone,—
The lowest type of intellect abused,
Could move with speed or climb amid the leaves
To snatch the birds from out their element,
Or cause them, victims of mesmeric power,—
The fascination of its deadly gaze
To yield themselves an unresisting prey.

And so the Serpent, first of hypnotists,
The foe alike of animal and man,
With mortal coil or poison fangs equipped
Made use of Knowledge for an evil end,
Impressing so the savage man that he,
In fear of power he could not comprehend,
Thenceforth looked on the creature as a god
To be with worship and dark rites appeased,
That from a foe he might be made a friend—
A guardian deity, who might besides
Impart to them the secret of his power,
More potent than their clumsy implements.

This led the way, and soon the Cult was formed
The Ophite Cult the direst ever known,
Wherein the snake was used to hypnotise,
With clammy touch, the female sensitives,
Entrancing them to gain the lucid state.
And hence the office of the Pythoness,
Who waited on the creatures and became
The wretched victim of an evil cult,
Dying infected by the poisonous breath—
The baneful touch and deadly influence
Of those foul reptiles in their evil dens.

The dreadful worship thus established soon
Became a superstition that enslaved
The people and protected so the brood
Of serpents from all hurt and harm they,
Increasing still in size and numbers grew
To be a pest and danger in the land.
For sluggish dragons, unmolested lived
For years or centuries within their caves
Where they were offered human sacrifice
At certain times or when the people sought
Some special interference in their cause.
These when long afterwards their votaries
Fell off from them, abandoning their shrines,
Prowled all abroad or lay in wait at times,
Surprising man and beast, till they became
The scourge and terror of the neighbourhood.
For dart or club or man or animal
They valued not but ravaged all the land.

And hence the basis of reality
The literal facts that underlie the myths,—
The hoary legends of the victims bound
Upon the rock nigh the cave or haunt
Of some foul dragon there to be devoured,
A sacrifice, as in those days they were,
Until our Adamite or Aryan
Progenitors had come and multiplied
And colonies advanced, who worshiped not
The serpent, but detested all the brood,
Made war on them and slew them till the land,
Infested long, was of the reptiles cleared.

So they endowed with might were called to slay
The dragons, as man every where is called
To slay the evils rampant in the world;
For evils will abound; but for the noise,
The cries of many suffering from the wrong
Remain unheard or heard, are unredressed.
The dragons of disease and grinding care
And toil and want and grasping avarice
Demand their victims and the people die:—
The old and wrecked and babes, whose moaning cries
And old-young faces, wasted and care-worn,
Appealing piteously, too plainly tell
The tale of want and cold and suffering,
That wring the mothers' hearts, who ill themselves
And destitute must see their infants pine
Of gnawing hunger, tender sufferers,
Whose prattling tongues should glad the house but, now

With filming eyes dying a sacrifice
To glut the maws of knavery and greed
Brute selfishness and tyranny more fell
Than anacondas or the cobras, armed
With mortal fangs and poison, the distilled
And concentrated essence of their hate.

And now a rumour reached them, for the wail
Of victims smote the hearts of some, who fled
And told them of the immolation then
Of maids and children as a sacrifice
To be performed in presence of the tribe
By votaries assembled at the cave—
The den of dragons where the rites went on;
And begged of them to come at once in force
Well armed with axes, trusty spears and blades,
And slay the brutes and save them from their folds.
They came direct and overawed the crowd,
And slew the snakes and saved the victims, whom
They took with them to rear and educate.

And 'mong the victims whom they snatched from death
Were children and a woman and her bade,
Herself a sensitive and once installed
A priestess of the cult, but what availed
When she had been selected with her child;
For all the greater would the merit be
Of such an offering so much beyond
The common run. She seemed beside herself
And clung with desperation to her child;

For even then she could not comprehend
That she was free, she and her child both saved,
And that they would be hospitably cared
And taught the worship of the higher race.

But when she realized the fact and knew
Her child was saved, though overjoyed at first,
The feeling soon abated and a look
Of thoughtful sadness settled on her brow,
As if the past was ever in her mind,
Until in time the teaching of the Mage
Dispelled the gloom, the clouds of night that sealed
Her mental vision; and she saw the light—
The rosy light, that dawned upon her soul
As with the splendour of the glowing East
Suffusing all her countenance with joy!

And then remembering the Serpent cult,
And that her people were in darkness bound
And how she was herself a pythoness,
She prayed the Mage, with tears entreating him,
To send his followers and enlighten them.
He sent them forth and many heard their voice
And sought the light and came into his fold.

But she, herself, from birth a sensitive,
Seemed rapt as in a holy reverie,
And oft in trance beheld invisible things,
And of the Spirit prophesied and spoke
To them of heavenly mysteries, and how

The Infinite, impelled by love, still bears
The weight of Evil, inasmuch as He
Requires it in the law of "opposites"
Through which the individuated life
Is rendered possible and realised
For thereby are all qualities discerned.—
Without repulsion we could never know
Attraction; nor know heat apart from cold;
And so all finite life, however great
Is based upon "opposing" principles,
The balancing of opposites; and hence
The warring passions in the human heart,
Nay in the heart of gods as in the man
Made in their likeness; for of them it says—
Our God is meek, long-suffering and kind,
A God of vengeance yet most merciful,
Whose anger burns and as a fire consumes."

Thus is the law of manifested life
Dependent on the sacrifice of God!
But from the suffering joy the more accrues,
For God is love and love's the primal force
That holds the balance and the chief control,
The great transmuter of all evil things.
For as she looked into the mystery
And spoke thereon a heavenly radiance lit
Her countenance; for suddenly she seemed
To see, as in a transformation scene,
The Evil vanish and its creatures change.
The dragon even when his work was done

Being unbound, no longer doomed to crawl,
But free to gain the ladder of ascent,
As though he, too, had been of love transformed!

And then she passed into the higher life
While heavenly music filled the place and flowers
Invisible their perfumed breath exhaled,
But left her Son who moulded by the Mage,
Became in turn a Harbinger of light!
From whom the dragons of the darkness fled!



BOOK III.

BUT now as ages multiplied and passed,
The Adamites, increasing filled the land,
Outgrowing far their place of origin,
And so had sent their colonies abroad,
Or, rather, nations growing as they went,
Until they reached on one side to the sea,
That fixed the boundaries of the Orient
And on the other even to the Isles,

That marked the confines of the hazy West.
For Northern Europe and those Isles, were then
Untenanted: the ice-flows of the north
From shifting or nutation of the Pole,
Had cleared the land of man and beast alike,—
Cave-bears and mammoths and the Hunter-tribes,
That roamed at large in the pre-glacial age.
Nor less to south the rising people spread,
Driving before them to the woods and hills
The savage hordes, who had themselves displaced
The Frugivora, who first possessed the land,
Or such of them as had on higher ground
Escaped the waters of the Indian Sea,
That mighty flood, that in tradition lives ;
For tidal waves swept the submerging land
Where dwelt the oranges and the Ouranides,
Engulfing all the southern Continent
Save upland tracts, now islands of the sea—
The so-called deluge of the world or one
Of many such, to divers causes due ;
Whether submergence, ice-flows or floods
From sudden melting of the glacial snows
With torrent rains in rising temperature.

So these, the Pre-Noachian Adamites,
Emerging from their mountain valleys spread
O'er all the country and possessed the land,
Still following the rivers to the south,
Until upon the plains of Shinar first
They met the sea and settled there and raised

A mighty empire where the arts progressed
Ere yet the great Semitic race had come,
Or Ea rose, the Man-fish from the deep
To teach them wisdom and a higher lore.
But meanwhile superstition came to cloud
The nobler teaching of those elder seers,
Who ruled and taught them in their mountain homes.
And thus enslaved they lived in daily fear
Of goblin Spirits lurking all around,—
Demons malign that ever lay in wait
To seize their victims and afflict mankind,
Compelling oft the very elements
To work disaster to the sons of men.

And so till Ea and the Semites came
They lived in fear by superstition bound.
But mythic Ea rising from the sea,
Instructed them and thus became their God,
In whom they trusted for he guarded them,
Still sailing nigh them in his stately ship:
And sent his son, Prince Meridug, to quell
The mighty Dragon, chief of all the fiends,
That ever sought the fairest for his prey;—
The Swallower whose dwelling was the deep,
From which it came its victims to devour.
For when the monster from its place uprose
The people fled before it, for it seemed
The end had come in darkness horrible,
Where every fiend wrought mischief, and unseen
Pursued their victims in the blinding gloom.

Then was it that the people, cowering cried
To Ea, when he sent to them his son,
Prince Meridug in shining armour clad!

But long the conflict with the Dragon stood
And oft between them was the fight renewed
With vengeful rancour, doubling shock on shock
Till all the place was dyed with blood and slime.
Yet still the monster fought with gory jaws
Wide, yawning as an open sepulchre.
Now rolled in coils and now uncoiled it reared
Its swollen crest with dreadful hiss and then
As swift as lightning from a thunder cloud
Swooped on the Prince, befouling him the while.
And so the battle undecided raged,
Until Lord Marduk, rising in his might,
Advanced his shield which dazed and blinded so
The Serpent, that it quailed and turned to flee;
But Marduk pierced it with his shining spear
And sent it bound into the dark abyss,
Where it was held in durance and remained
With other fiends a season and a time.

Then all the people praised Prince Meridug,
Who now became their Model Warrior,
Whom they invoked and fervently adored;
And grew themselves, if not thereby to be
All mighty men and warriors renowned,
Yet better men, each in their own degree.
And so the nation rose to eminence

By taking Marduk for its patron lord,
Its grand ideal, whose very name inspired
The dullest mortal with some kindred flame,
Some measure of his spirit of sacrifice,
Who for the right against the wrong had dared
That deadly conflict with the swallower,—
That hungry monster, type of many ills
Or rather all in one embodiment,
Which Sages in the Dragon symbolized.

But now to counteract in some degree
And soften down the martial spirit of war,
Lest men, untrained in gentler moods, should grow
Unfeeling and case hardened and forget
To foster and advance the spirit of love,
The chief of all our human attributes,
Paternal Ea, Lady Belit sent,
The graceful wife of Meridug, the Prince,
To train them in the ways of gentleness.
And fairer still than Belit, Ishtar came,
The moon-god's daughter and the Queen of Love,
Whom they, instructed by the sages, should
Promote to honour, the most loveable,
Of all their guardians in the female line;
Whose story told in mystic narrative
And handed down through every age and clime
Should move all hearts to sympathy and love;
For Royal Ishtar, Queen of beauty came
By love constrained from out the aznre deep,
Her home afar in the Ethereal Light,

Where she had dwelt in bliss ineffable,
To mingle with and share the lot of men,
That she might raise them to her own high sphere;
For love, strong love, is the redeming power,
That as a sun the planet man constrains,
Indrawing him from th' outermost abyss.
And hence it is that all the sages have
Personified the attribute of love,
With nature myths incorporating it
For man himself is part of nature too,
At one with her, reflecting thus the whole
In his own system where the laws of Being
Entail the balancing of opposites
In revolution round his Central Sun.

And chief of all the drama of the heavens
By day and night, where light and darkness play
Their several parts, continually at war
Throughout the seasons and the rolling year,
Was made the source of Soli-lunar myths—
Eternal truths in mystic form enshrined;
For myths were facts in nature as observed
In older time and were indeed the things—
The sciences that early nations knew.

And so when Royal Ishtar came from out
The Azure deep to share the lot of men,
Made one with them to suffer or enjoy,
Her type was seen in nature-myth revealed;
For she, like nature, wooed the Lord of Light.,

The Prince Dumuzi, later Tammuz called,
With whom she lived rapt in ecstatic joy
In that deep forest where her woes began ;
For when her bliss was snapped untimely there
She felt the sorrow love alone could know.
For it was in that forest where she met
The Prince Dumuzi by the Sacred Tree
Amid the gay and scented blooms of spring.
And in it too, retired in bosky shade,
She had her home, a stately palace reared
As by enchantment in an open glade
'Mid flowery lawns and winding rills and founts,
The chosen haunt of all the nymphs that laved
Their rounded limbs in their cool waves at noon,
Or had their bath at early morning prime
When nature woke rejoicing and the song
Of life resounded in the humming voice
Of insects and the carolling of birds.

And nigh the palace, more secluded stood,
In mellow light from over-arching shade,
The Sanctuary, the holy place that none
From curiosity might scrutinize ;
Or gaze beyond the portals under pain
Of disillusion of the prime effect ;
For in the Sanctuary was symbolized
The Place of Genesis where nature wrought
Her transmutations in the Sacred Cup,
Whereby the soul in mundane robes is clad :
Perpetual re-birth in eternal rounds.

And so, like nature, she shut out the gaze
Of prying, idle curiosity.

Such was the home of Ishtar where she roamed
With Prince Dumuzi, rapt in ecstasy,—
In all th' abandonment of love that knew
Of no restriction to its own free will,
And waned not but waxed hotter with the days,
Until the spring-time into summer passed.
Then when the sun rose high and coursed the heavens,
Exulting as a hunter in the chase;
And when the flowers, impregnate by his rays,
Had cast their bridal robes and set to work,
Preparing in their myriad calyces
The future seed to renovate the earth,
When after mourning for a season, she
Is wooed again by the returning sun.
Then was it also that the simmering days
And sultry air, dream-laden in the heat
Oppressed at times the Lady Ishtar so,
That she felt not her wonted buoyancy;
But craved for rest, by languor overcome,
And drowsiness, so that she slept at noon.
She and her maidens slept, preventing thus
Her walk abroad as usual with the Prince;
Who now impatient in her absence sought
To pass the time by hunting in the woods
His daily occupation till at length
He came to be enamoured of the chase;
And so forgot the gentle Ishtar then;

Who now neglected pined in solitude
And sick at heart, craved for the love of old,—
That deep, fond love, as in the happy time
When arm in arm she wandered with the Prince
The live-long day, rapt in Elysian dreams.

Then in her pain and loneliness she sent
Her messengers, entreating him to come
And leave his hunting and remain with her.
He heeded not, but hunted all the more
Through wood and glade, nor spared the palace grounds
Nor yet the Sanctuary, but sent his dogs,
A howling pack through all its leafy shade,
Profaning thus the holy place itself.
And like a lion that had tasted blood
Held on the while his reckless pace nor paused
Till he had gained the centre of the wood,
A covert dark of ravening animals.
When lo! a wild boar from its hiding roused
With gleaming tusks rushed on him unawares,
And, weary with the labours of the chase,
Threw him and rent him ripping up his thigh.
Then wounded sore he sought the land of shades,
Himself a shade well nigh from loss of blood
And impotent, bereft of all his strength.

But Ishtar inconsolable thereat
Now stript herself of all her ornaments
And cast her crown and bared her head and rent
Her royal robes, and clad in scanty dress,
The sombre garments of her widowhood,

Lamented with her maidens for the Prince.
And more and more distracted in her grief
Resolved to seek him in the Land of Shades.

Meanwhile the Prince had gone upon his way.
And first the Scorpion warders of the sun,
Gigantic monsters with their feet unseen
Beneath the earth while yet their heads touched heaven,
Opposed his course but soon let him pass on.
And then he passed through barren wastes alone
And reached at length a land of sorrows, hemmed
By inky waters, lone and void of life,
That washed and washed in ripples in the reeds.
And all along the weird and winding shore
A sombre wood stood leafless, where the trees
Moaned ever in a wintry wind and rose
All gaunt and ghost-like in the gloomy air,
Like spectres huge with giant arms upraised.
And then embarking in a crazy boat
With phantoms and the silent ferry man.
He crossed the dismal waters and the fens,
That ran afar into the gloomy land,—
The land of shades, when lo! the ghostly towers
And ruined walls of that cavernous mount,
That looming in the distance marked the site
Of Urugal where dread Irkalla reigns
And holds her court within her mould'ring halls.
And distant hence and reaching farther still,
A waste of utter desolation lay,
Cupolas, tombs and mounds of human bones,

All ruinous in the dim light disclosed,—
A wreck-encumbered city of the dead,
As though that vast and dreary cemetery
Of ancient Erech, Warka later called,
Had its reflection in this Land of Shades.

Then speeding through the dark untended streets
'Mid gliding ghosts intent upon their rounds,
He reached the mount and entered there the "cave"—
A many-chambered grotto, winding far,
And running like a tunnel through the place.
And here a prisoner in durance held,
He strayed amid the dismal galleries,
While in his ears discordant voices rang
With rushing sounds and rendings and the shrieks
Of bat-winged creatures flitting through the gloom;
And doleful wailings as of those in pain,
Like night-winds moaning through the open chinks
Of haunted halls and mansions long disused.

Here dwelt Dumuzi in the dismal cave
Till Ishtar came from out the Land of Light,
The Queenly Ishtar whom strong love impelled
To seek him here within Irkalla's realm.
And sore the trials that beset the Queen,
And long the way ere she the gates had reached
Of Urugal, where entrance she found none.
For lo! the gates were barred and all access
Forbidden; and the warder heeded not
Her knocking, till the Queen, as queens are wont,

Accustomed to obedience, felt the slight
And flushed with anger, in imperious tones
Demanded her admittance as a right;
Else would she burst the prison bars and lead
The thronging shades to upper air once more.
Then quick the jailer to Irkalla went
Informing her who of herself well knew
Of Ishtar's might; nor dared refuse her claim;
But orders gave to strip her at the gates,
The seven-fold gates, and lead her to the Prince.

Then Ishtar, naked, cowering and ashamed
With tearful eyes was passed from gate to gate
And sent unto Dumuzi whom she found
In sorrowful mood, despondent in the cave,
Till roused therefrom by Ishtar's well known voice,
Who now embraced him and with clinging arms
Passed with him through the dismal mount and led
Him to the fount of healing waters where
She bathed with him, till both thereby renewed
With life and vigour, kindly Ea sent
His fishes and the pilot in his ship
To bear them safely o'er the waters, back
To Erech and their ancient forest home,
Where soon again the virgin spring appeared
As she was wont in bridal robes arrayed,
While in the woods the song of life was heard
Flooding the air with jubilant refrain.

And so indeed the Royal Ishtar thus

Became the people's darling, for in her
They saw the type of perfect woman-hood—
Ideal Beauty more than realized
In rich endowment of the outward form,
The symbol fair of inward loveliness,
Made manifest in action in the rôle
Of tender and self-sacrificing love!
Thus she became the model for all time,
Attracting men as to a central sun:
Herself the centre of that mystic lore,
That spread its roots through every land and lives,
A truth perennial through the ages still;
For it is based on nature as revealed
Throughout the seasons and the rolling year.
But nature halts not with the fruitful earth
But seeks her crown in perfect woman-hood—
Her grand achievement and her end and aim
In working ever through the æons past,
Transmuting by her secret alchemy
The fading rose into the perfect flower!

Thus grew the worship of the Queen of Love,
Whose temples thronged with votaries filled the land
And spread afar through distant climes and lived
With little change through centuries unknown;
And lives in essence through the ages still,
An intuition of the soul itself,
That clings to worship as a moulding power,
That rendered possible the growth of man;
Uniting people by engrafting them

Into a mutual brotherhood that leavened
The masses with the principle of love!

But when the nation into empire grew,
In power and revenue increased,
Her worship merged into a priestly craft—
A vast monopoly with wealth endowed,
That soon forgot its ancient rightful scope,
And cumbered with mysterious ceremonies,
Became a superstition that enslaved
The people, and abated not but grew
Still more and more oppressive with the time;
For gods and demons multiplied apace,
As every century increased the list,
Bewildering men, who feared them each in turn,
But chiefly, demons busy with their spells,
Who thronged the elements and lay in wait
To injure mortals, who in abject fear
Now sought by talismans to ward them off,
And counter spells of conjurers obtained,
Who spoiled the people to enrich themselves.
Thus ugly demons carved in stone and placed
In effigy by doors and window sills,
Were efficacious held to guard the house
From all intrusion of these wicked fiends,
Who seeing themselves in effigy take flight
In horror of their own deformity.
A doubtful plan, but based upon a truth
By sages taught—that evil flees itself
Affrighted at its own embodiment,

To seek amendment through the knowledge gained.

Then sighed the Traveller, sick at heart to see
The people groaning 'neath the galling yoke
Of superstitions that debarred the light,
The growth of many generations, bred
And fostered by those venal conjurers,
Whose trade it was to dupe the credulous,
Till spake his Guide, divining what he meant :
“ Thou would'st enquire what may the ending be
Where on the one side toiling masses live
In mental darkness, slaves to every fear,
While on the other princely hierarchs
And hoary sages, rulers in the land,
Stand out conspicuous, for wisdom famed,
And famed besides as men of lucid thought,
Themselves, custodians of that mystic lore
The hoarded treasure of a line of seers,
And sages in the ancient science versed,
Which when in time into a system framed,
Became the heritage of all mankind,
That rescued men from barbarism and lives
The richest heirloom of the nations still ;
But which they dared not openly impart
Outside their order and a chosen few,
Deeming it madness to instruct the crowd,—
And hopeless, for they could not comprehend,—
Save in the way of mystic narrative
And veiled religion, based on nature myths,
A thing the masses little understood ;

And which, when mingled with their own beliefs,
Became a superstition, for they knew
Naught of its meaning; but they must be ruled
In some such way or else not ruled at all
To their own loss; and so there is no hope
Of their deliverance or enlightenment,
So wedded are they to their sorceries
And idol-worship, which, increasing still,
Will culminate hereafter in the fanes
Of mighty Babylon, the noted home
Of every infamous and evil thing.
There will it grow till utter ruinwhelms
The guilty city and her habitants
A ruin, not the work of fiends without
Or accident, but the result of "law",
The nemesis that evil overtakes;
The work alone of that destructive force,
The deadly influence of evil minds,—
The whelming force of evil Will and Thought
In millions wholly given up thereto,
Accumulating in the Astral Sphere.
This Evil Power unbalanced by the Will
Of noble minds by love of right impelled,
Woeful disaster on disaster brings
In wild upheavals of society,
Disruption, internecine war and feud,
Derangement even of the elements,
That sweep with cataclysmal violence
As though some god impelled them in his rage,
Or nature laboured to cast off the slough

Of some foul gangrene, that her visage marred;
For when a people so corrupt become,
That all their thoughts are unto evil turned,
The earth itself in anguish spues them out,
Or whelms them wholly like that wicked race,
Who on the plains of reeking Sodom dwelt,
Where, when the Patriarch from Shinar come,
Upcalled himself from out that venal land,
Against which, also, judgement was decreed,
Had pleaded for forbearance with his Lord,
Not even ten true men were found for whom
To stay the fury of the elements.
So, Chaldea and its cities shall become
A desolation and a waste of mounds,
Despoiled of all its teeming multitudes.
For though it may continue for a time.
Or even grow in opulence when ruled
By Semites or its Aryan conquerors—
A noble race long cradled in the hills,
Yet still no power shall stay the impending doom;
For finally the conquering Aryans
Shall waste the cities and break down their walls
And leave the land in ruins utterly.
The Aryans, who with the Semites joined,
One in religion and their codes of law,
Shall rule the nations and enlighten men
In after years through earth's remotest bounds;
Whose household gods and only charms shall be
Not ugly goblins by the window sills
But flowers of every brightest hue and kind,

Tended with care by gentle hands the while,
Whose potent influence shall guard their homes
From all intrusion of discordant things
And demons with their influence malign.
But let us hence upon our way and see
Those Aryans debouching from the hills."



BOOK IV.

THEN passing from the plains of Chaldea
Through divers lands by rugged mountain ways,
Abruptly on a barren waste they came;
A wilderness of sandy hillocks where
No genial moisture fell, but hot winds sang
Through withered grasses, salt-bush and the shrubs
That struggled ever with the desert sands;
A parching wind by mid-day when the heat
And glare was most oppressive; for the air
Itself was luminous throughout and shone,
Dust-laden, with intolerable light;
Or whirling into edies raised the sand
In slender shafts or vast revolving cones,
Now black as night and now like flaming fire
Until the bare and barren waste was changed

Into a scene of weird sublimity;
For nature clad the desert nakedness,
Enfolding it as in a mystic veil
Of hazy light, that blended with the void.
Nay oft, as in a transformation strange,
Consoled the vision with alluring scenes
Of shady palms and cooling waters, shown
In ærial pictures mirrored from afar;
As oft across the longing sight is flashed,
In waking moments or in vivid dream,
Some fairest visions of a world unseen
To cheer the mortal on his weary way,
Who else might fall, lost in the desert-sands.
For some require the parching heat to stir
The waves of thought that stagnant else would lie;
As deserts heated move the tides of air,
In drought themselves that other lands may bloom.

And then they came to vales diversified
By wood and stream and rolling downs where dwelt
As one great people, undivided yet,
The Aryans of Ormus and of Ind,
A princely race, on earth the highest found;
The highest with the Semite race combined,
Or one with them from the same root derived,
Brave, truthful, serious and of noble mien,
Whose features bore the impress of the gods,
Who feared no demons, neither worshipped them,
As did the older races they had come
To conquer, drive before them and supplant,

But worshipped God the All-embracing One,
Whose shining symbols in the heavens they saw
And revered in sun and moon and stars
And tended in the sacred flame ere yet
The mighty seer, great Zarathushtra came
To teach them wisdom and to state anew
And raise the standard of their ancient cult.

Then leaving these the Traveller and his Guide
Held on their way and gained the snowy range.
And there among the cedar woods abode
Upon the hills amid the solitudes
In contemplation, while above them rose
Those mighty peaks magnificent in robes
Of dazzling white, the hoary guardians deemed
Of all the wisdom of the Orient;
That ancient wisdom by the sages taught,
And treasured here amid the mountain wilds,
The snow-crowned ranges of the Himalays,
Which seemed as though they were upraised to be
Not only guardians of the Ancient Lore,
But altars of the Shining One, the Lord
Of Light and life, so bountiful, the type
In outward nature of that higher light
Around which still the human soul revolves.
Fit altars where his worshippers beheld
His earliest and latest radiance shed;
For when the earth in gloom and shadow lay
Those mighty summits of the Snowy Range
Reflected from their shining heights afar

The parting glory of the Orb of Day
When he from view sank in the western sky.
A parting glory which conveyed to men
The hope and promise of his sure return,
When by the Dawn, the rosy Ushas led,
He came again to light them with his beams,
Enrapturing his worshippers, who met
At morning's prime to celebrate his praise.
And hence arose their sanctity of old,
Which lives undying through the ages still.

Here they remained in meditative mood,
Ascending oft amid the mountain peaks,
Those giant cones wrapt in eternal snow,
And there amid the glaciers surveyed
The solemn grandeur of that mighty scene,
A waste of wintry desolation void;
And yet withal beneficent, the source
Perennial of those fertilising streams
And mighty rivers, arteries that bear
Their priceless waters to far distant lands,
That else would lie as desert wilds untilled.
Rivers that rise amid the solitudes
In mountain lakes, fed from the glaciers
By countless rills and rushing riverlets.
Lone lakes! that duplicate the snow-crowned heights,
When winds are hushed, as in a nether sky;
Where brooding silence reigns unbroken, save
That rolling far among the hills is heard
The hollow din of thun'dring avalanche,

Or falling rock by rain or thaw detached;
Or mingling with those echoes of the hills,
Breaking somewhat the utter loneliness,
That else would in those wintry regions reign
The piping call of plover, plaintive rings
With louder notes of water-birds and cranes,
That in their season from the plains arrive.

Thus noted they amid the glaciers
The divers moods and aspects of the scene
In sunshine or in storm, surveying oft,
Unhurt themselves amid the wintry war,
The whirling edies of the drifting snow
Or piled up wreaths, so dazzling in the sun,
With all the wonders of the frozen waste,—
The quaint formations in a thousand caves,
Ice grottoes, radiant with refracted light,
The iridescence as of countless gems
And pendants in rich shading colours toned!

Then passing hence through space and time alike,
For time seemed naught but changed as in a dream
From ages past to ages far ahead,
They came unto the Indus, and with it
Held on their way, emerging on the plains
To find the Indo-Ayrams, who long
Had parted from their kindred of Iran;
A growing people from the Indus spread
O'er all the region of the Seven Streams,
And on their way to Gange's sacred flood,

In course of time an empire there to found
That shall not wane, but rising still, become,
When with their kindred of the far West joined
The noblest empire which the world has seen!

So came they then and occupied the land,
The Soma-pressing Aryans of Ind
In those old days by mighty Indra led,
The conqueror, subduer of the fiends,
To whom with Agni and with Vata joined
They sacrificed and poured the Soma-drink,
As they were wont in Soma sacrifice:—
A sacrifice by men of old ordained
To represent the heavenly rite, performed
By Agni as the Hotar of the gods,
Who sacrificed unto themselves of yore,
That they might learn from sacred action thus
The pain and joy of manifested life.
Hence is it they who drink the Soma, drink
Of Agni's essence as contained therein,
And drink the principle of life itself
The beverage immortal of the gods.
For all the gods in Agni are contained,
The only God, the Self-existent One,
Who of his substance formed the universe,
Which by the sacred Rita He maintains
And shall maintain through all eternity!

So at their sacrifice the Soma drink
, They poured to Indra with unstinted hand,

What time the Serpent, Ahi and his crew,
The evil demons of the drought, had robbed
Them of their kine and hid them in their forts,
And prayed him to do battle with the fiends.
So poured they then to Indra at the feast,
Who thus entreated from the banquet rose,
And frowning, braced him for the fight and took
His golden armour and encased therein,
Brought forth his steeds and hitched them to the pole,
And mounting on his chariot, shook the rains
And urged his team, till fleetier than the winds,
With head thrown back and streaming hair, he sped
With all his weapons—flaming bolts and spears
Hard by his side in readiness to cast.
Dark grew the air! and terrible the din!
The premonitions of the coming strife,
For with the onrush of his thundering car
The earth shook and the heavens around him reeled.
Nor drew he rain nor paused he in his course
But fleetier still and fleetier drove his team,
Till meeting Ahi on the mountain laired,
He rushed upon him instant with his spear
And single handed pierced him through and through.
And then the Maruts coming to his aid,
The mighty battle on the hills began;
For all the fiends were roused to action now,
With Vala demon-keeper of the "cave,"
Who barred the entrance as with adamant,
Till mighty Indra hurled his flaming bolts
And rent the rocks and brought them crashing down

And cleared a pathway for the lowing kine;
Then told the Maruts quick to lead them forth,
While he, the demons routed with his spear
Or tossed them headlong from the rocky heights,
And louder raged the battle and the noise
Of conflict rose, commingled with the din
Of falling rocks and crashing trees upturned
With rushing water pouring down the hills,
As though the elements had been let loose
And utilized to fight against the fiends!

Such was the might of Indra when he quaffed
The Soma-drink, the amrit of the gods,
Coming to quell the serpent and his crew,
The evil demons of the parching air.
The amrit of the gods, obtained by them
Through sacrifice by churning of the deep,
The sea of milk in mystic language called,
When they had cast the magic herbs therein;
And Vishnu, in the tortoise form disguised,
With giant strength upbore the milky sea,
Which with the mountain mandara they churned;
The devas with the evil demons joined,
With vigour twirling on each side the staff
With Vasuki, the serpent for a rope.

Then as they lashed the great sea into foam
Firstly in order from the deep emerged
The Sacred Cow within the firmament.
And then the coursers came, the Horse divine,—

The "seven-headed" in the highest heaven
Beyond the water bearing firmament.
And next in order, came upon the earth
The patient and sagacious elephant
And many beings and many things besides,
And deadly poison which the Serpent claimed
As due to him, the outcome of his hate.
Then Water Maidens from the deep uprose,
And Vishnu came in human Avatars,
The great preserver of the gods and men,
Transcendent, bearing in his hand the "Cup"
With Amrit, the celestial liquor, filled,
For which the demons fought but fought in vain,
Because the devas had secured the draft,
Which so revived them that anon they hurled
The demons down into the dark abyss.
And with these also from the deep emerged
The Queen of Beauty on a lotus borne, —
The Queen of love and beauty, both in one
Forever and inseparably joined,
Here rendered manifest in outward form,
The flower of evolution and the end
For which the universe itself exists,
The crowning work through many æons wrought
To be the home of Spirit and a light
And focus of attraction still to draw
Humanity as round a central sun,
Compelling worship and evoking love
Till men attain unto the mystery
Of mysteries, the Image of the God

Immortal love made visible in form.

This is the end whereunto nature tends,
Her aim in working through the æons past,
The rearing up in beauty of a shrine
To be the habitation of the King
Where he shall dwell in finite form revealed
With countless hosts in social brotherhood.

But long indeed and wearisome the way
From her first start unto the final goal;
For when it happened in the olden days
Among rude people that a maid was born
Surpassing far her sisters of the land
In maiden comeliness and outward grace,
The index of an inward loveliness,
It seemed at best a very doubtful gain;
And unto those immediately concerned
No gain at all, but evil and a snare
In that the gentle maid herself became
Unwittingly the cause of many woes
To all the people from the plots and feuds
Of rival suitors seeking for her hand;
For those rejected set to work at once
Enlisting others to espouse their cause :
And having gained a following of friends
Resorted thence to force or guile, and oft
The hapless maid abducted 'gainst her will,
Which straightway led to further violence
- And counter plots and internecine broils;

Nay, often on a larger scale involved
Adjacent nations in ruinous war,
With mutual slaughter of opposing hosts
And wreck of homesteads and the sack of towns
And cities, wholly to destruction given,—
To fire and sword till naught of them remained
But smouldering ruins; all their people slain,
Dispersed or carried into slavery.

And so, indeed, these special Avatars
Of beauty in the female form enshrined
Though madly fought for, were regarded long
In evil light as harbingers of woe
Nay, often as the source of every ill,
Which was extended to all woman kind,
As ever with the Serpent bound in league.

So seemed it also to the Traveller when
His heavenly Guide in gentle accents said :—
“Beware of hasty judgement lest thou err,
If thou the truth aright wouldst understand,
Look far beyond the present outward show
Of seeming ills and then thou shalt perceive
The ills are transcient while the good remains,
The heritage of ages yet unborn.
For some impelling motive men must have
To kindle feeling and to urge them on
Else would they sink instead of upwards rise.
And chief among the motives to this end
The love of beauty comes pre-eminent.

Hence in those tribal contests, great or small,
Is found the germ of future chivalry
And adoration of the Beautiful
Enshrined in forms of maiden loveliness.
But linked herewith another gain is seen ;
For in the measures needful for these wars
The training up of soldiers from dull hinds,
From ignorant unprepossessing lads
With shuffling gait to men of stately tread,
Obedient, brave with courtesy combined,
And demi-gods to what they were before,
Each one made self-reliant and a mate
For Beauty and by Beauty sought and claimed ;
And in themselves, both singly and combined,
A source of epic and undying song,—
A flowing tide of harmony divine
That onward still and onward bore mankind,
Embracing all in ever widening course,
Till from a few supreme embodiments
Of male and female excellence, all men
Shall reach in time the standard of the gods. ”

And thus it was according to her words
The bards and Rishis of this Ancient land
Sang of their heroes, gods and goddesses—
Of Indra, Vishnu and their favourite
The loving Krishna of the tender heart,
Both sage and saviour ’mong the cow-herds bred,
And gentle Lukshmi on the lotus borne,
The wife of Vishnu, worshipped and revered

By all the women, maids and wives of Ind
And Rama, too, the conqueror of old,
The world renowned with Sita his fair Queen,
With Sita, lovely as the moon in heaven,
The fame of whose surpassing beauty reached
The demon King of Lanka in the South,
Who came from thence and on a magic steed
Bore off the prize, till Rama went to war
And raised an army of the monkey tribes
And marched them south to Comorin and crossed
The bridge of rocks by Hanuman prepared.
And winning then the battle on the Isle
Regained his Queen and killed the demon King:
So nobly fought his army that it seemed
His monkeys were right into men transformed.
While he himself to all alike became
A model warrior, renowned in song—
A genial prince of noblest courtesy,
Whose very name in salutation used
And friendly greeting between man and man
Proclaimed the growth of social intercourse.

Then, as their heroes, gods and goddesses
Increased in number, power and influence,
Created by the Rishis and the seers
To be their models on a higher plane,
Their worship grew and shrines were multiplied
And more important, with the growth of shrines
Which also on the plains of Chaldea
And by the waters of the Nile were raised

Reaching from thence the limits of the earth,
Uprose the craft of ancient Masonry,
So rude and rough and primitive till then,—
Uprose with its enobling influence
Upon a new and fast improving scale.
And with the craft, the noblest man has found,
In that humanity it humanised,
Both sculpture and the decorative arts
Allied therewith coequally progressed
Till in this line the bounds of art were reached,
And temples, tombs and palaces were reared
Alike in vales and on the mountain tops
And by the Jumna's and Ganges' streams,
Unrivalled, and the wonders of the world:
Surpassing in the grandeur of design
And fitting execution of the work
In all details, what hitherto was deemed
The utmost limits of the builders' craft
Creations fairer than the fairest dream
Imagination had till then conceived,
With meet accessories of founts and groves,
And fair domains, where art and nature vied,
So exquisite the grouping of the whole
With evergreens, and flowering shrubs and palms,
Arcas and palmyras and the date
And slender cocoas with their wealth of fronds,
That softly murmur in the whispering air
Or grandly sway when shaken by the wind;
And gold mohr-trees ablaze with ruddy flame,
So dazzling are their flowers in the sun,

With peepals and asokas and the neem
And banyan trees, a forest in themselves,
And many more by jheel and tank and stream,
A very wilderness of bloom and shade,
Enlivened by the happy feathered tribes—
Blue king-fishers and golden orioles
With bulbuls, coils and Indian thrush,
Whose thrilling notes in unison resound,
And social mynas, doves and parrokets,
And blue winged rollers flitting round the trees,
While proudly perched upon the temple walls
And balconies or strutting on the sward
With gorgeous train or spangled hood upraised
The solar bird, long sacred deemed, is seen,—
The solar bird, that multiplies the sun
In all the diamonds of its arching fan,
A living symbol of the solar god,
Befitting well his temples for all time!

Such were the fanes and royal palaces
Created by the artizans of Ind,
With patient toil by order of their kings;
Created for their princes and their gods;
Yet rather for the world and for themselves
Their children and the peoples then unborn;
For in those fair creations, the result
Of centuries of labour, they were taught
To venerate and love the Beautiful
The Beantiful where art and nature vie,
Where both in harmony together blend

Uplifting man as by a magic spell!
And dull the mortal that could not discern
The wealth of beauty in those fair domains!
Well might enraptured visionaries dream,
Of Paradise, on seeing earth so fair!

But in those days when first the shrines began
To rise in honour of their deities,
The seers and rishis of the nation then
Were superceded by a priestly caste,
Which growing still in opulence and power
Became in time a wealthy ruling class,
Pretentious and self-seeking in its aims;
Which added ever to the older rites
New ceremonies until religion grew,
Departing from its first simplicity,
As instituted by the Buddhs of old,
To be a complicated ritual
In which the sacrifice of animals,—
Of horses, goats and sheep, was prominent.
A ritual conducted by the priests,
Who made these matters a monopoly,
And arrogated to themselves the right
To rule the people as a priestly caste,
Demanding reverence and obedience
With servile homage of the multitude,
Lesc favoured mortals of the lower class,
Whom they in mental darkness bound the slaves
Of superstition and dense ignorance

With none to pity or enlighten them.

So fared it in the land till men arose,
Seceders from the priestly class itself,
And cried against the tyranny of caste:
Or, as reformers, sought a middle course.
And many such appeared till Parsva came
And Mahavira, founders of the Jains,
A noble sect with kindly sympathy
Inclusive of all creatures, man and beast,
Averse to sacrifice of any kind,
Believing in the sanctity of life.
A gentle creed with worthy followers,
That long maintained its pristine excellence.
And holding much in common with the Jains
Came many men until the Sakya Sage
Appeared among them and outvied them all
Or rather was their representative,
A later Buddh returned to earth anew,
The sum of all in one embodiment,
Out doing them in scope of influence;
Ideal and yet real, or both combined,
Expanding as the plant into the tree;
For soon his doctrine spread through all the land
And all the East e'en to the distant isles,
Where yet it lives, a humanising power,
Though much beclouded in the latter days.
By superstition and unmeaning rites,
Demanding reformation or a seer

To state anew its leading principles.
But though the noble teaching of the Buddh
Was finally rejected by the land
That gave it birth, its spirit did not go
But lived in essence, having modified
The harsher doctrines of the older creeds,
Which needed much its humanising lore.
Yet still regardless of the Sakya Sage
And all the higher teaching of the times,
In many places cruel rites were held,
Assimilated from Dasyu tribes.
And chief among them human sacrifice
In dreadful worship of non-entities,—
Grim idols, Siva, Kali Durga, gods
And goddesses of aspect most malign
Besmeared with blood and blood-red paints and set
Around with serpents and the grinning skulls
Of hapless victims—symbols of their wrath,
Tending to breed destructive traits in men,
Which soon displayed themselves, for men arose
As Thuggees false, and heartless as the wolves;
For what men worship, that they shall become,
Moulded thereto infallibly by “law”
That acts on man in keeping with his thought.

Thus did the worship of ideal gods,—
Creations first from nature-myths derived
As the expressions of the Infinite
In man and nature and the universe,—
Advance in excellence or fall away,

Perverted from its primal end and aim.
Ideals made objective by the seers,
Designed as models for humanity,
So needed by the struggling multitudes
To lift them gradually by kindling thus
An ardent aspiration in all men
To reach the height of their ideal lords,
And model heroes, men imperfect oft
With many faults, yet gods to other men;
But mong them at long intervals a few
Transcendent prophets, avatars thence called
Or Christs, anointed as the Word of Truth,
The first fruits of that potency in man,—
The incarnating of divinity—
The crowning hope of all the human race.

And so for centuries throughout the land
The two extremes of light and darkness met.
On one side was ideal excellence
Objectively embodied by the seers,
And on the other demons, the outgrowth
Of Dasyu gods by Aryans retained,
Re-named by them and added to their own,—
A demon host, thus worshipped by the crowd
In ignorance, encouraged by their priests.
And so it thus for centuries remained
Despite reformers and the Moslem power.
Till in late years the Anglo-Saxons came
So unforeseen from out the Western Isles
To rule the land as though it were decreed ;

For more momentous than the pomp of rule
And wealth of Ind, they came indeed to make
Themselves the masters of her ancient lore,—
A priceless treasure needed by the West,
To bring them learning and philosophy,
Which when collated and restated there
In light of evolution and the laws
Of spirit life in later times made known,
Will then in turn re-act upon the East
And mark an era in the life of Ind;
For guided by an Overruling Power,
The light will shine, expelling ignorance;
For then anon will education spread
Among the masses through the many schools
Established by their brethren of the West
To teach the people their own literature
And all the wisdom of their ancient books
Long kept from them, the treasure of a few
Till India, as in days of old, becomes
The Land of light and teacher of the world.
Then will they of their idols grow ashamed:
And Siva, Kali Durga, all must go,
Ejected by the force of rising thought,
Not e'en a black goat offered at their shrines
But Lakshmi, Sita, Krishna and the Buddh
Will still remain their models for all time;—
The Christs of Ind, ideal and yet real,
Having their symbols in the Beautiful,
Wherever seen, in plant and flower and man,
And all things fair, which whoso venerates

Shall grow therewith most lovable themselves
And cease to weary, finding rest therein!
A foretaste of Nirvana realized
To some degree upon the mundane plane!



BOOK V.

THEN passing hence the Traveller and his Guide
Held on their way and met the Semite Race
Ere yet from them the Hebrews had diverged.

A noble race, remarkable for seers,
Yet none the less to idol-worship given ;
Nor paused until they reached the Syrian coast
Possessed by Sidon and the Sons of Heth.
And 'mong them fragments of an ancient stock,
The Emims called, a giant race long passed
Away from earth, their stamina used up,
Save this small remnant 'mong the Hamites found:-
A giant race, uncouth and slow of foot,
No match in fighting for their agile foes,
Yet gained respite within their mighty walls
A little space until the Hebrews came,
Who conquered and exterminated soon
This feeble remnant of a race extinct

Despite their forts and rock-hewn barriers.
Here met they, too, the Hittite, sons of Heth,
So noted for their vile idolatries
And worship of a brazen furnace-god
With cruel rites and human sacrifice,
Besides their orgies in the sacred groves,
Outraging nature till the very land,
Itself polluted longed to spue them out;
For they transformed the gods of Chaldea,
Ideal gods, beneficent at first
As nature-gods, created by the Seers,
The hoary sages of the olden time,
To be their models on a higher plane,
That men beholding might advance thereto,
To pitiless destroyers of mankind.
The son of Ea, Royal Meridug,
The friend of man and queller of the fiends,
Known later as Bel-Marduk, they transformed
To hideous Baal, the fiery one, who sought,
Nay, still demanded of his votaries
Not kids or lambs or firstlings of the flock,
But hapless victims even of their kin,
Both men and maids and children, all alike
To feed the flames within his brazen maw
Or burn before him on his altars piled
Amid the din of clashing instruments
To drown the cries of mortal agony.
Nor less the Sons of Sidon on the coast
Worshipped the same under another name,—
Melkarth, whose temple stood upon the Isle

Of ancient Tyre, a wonder of the world
In later days when grown in opulence
They raised the fane in honour of the god;
Whose fame besides they spread to distant lands.
But further did those Hamite people change
The gentle nature-goddess, Ishtar called
To Ashtoreth, the cruel Warrior Queen,
Ishtar the type of perfect womanhood,
The crowning work of nature and the flower
Of evolution in the female line!

Thus in their worship, though perverted then,
As in all worship in those early days,
Was recognised the principle of "sex"
And held by men as paramount; for they
The masculine and feminine had found
Pervading nature, e'en the elements,
In heat and moisture, earth and air alike.
In moisture vivified by heat they saw
The source of life, the primal genetrix—
The gentle spirit of Maternity,
The Dove that on the mighty waters moved
And rested on the mystic Ark of old.
And hence the legend of the Queen of Love,
Ishtar or Venus, Aphrodité called,
Uprising on the bosom of the "deep,"
Uprising in the vapour of the sea—
The shining vapour wafted by the winds
In ærial forms far inland, there to guild
The azure vault when smiled on by the sun;

And falling thence in cooling dew and rain
To be anon to vernal bloom transformed,
The bridal dress of nature in her prime,
The youthful goddess for her spouse adorned,
The genial sun of spring-time, typified
By Tammus or Adonis, until pierced
And maimed in hunting by the hateful "boar,"
Which sent him halting to the Land of Shades
Till sought therein by Ishtar his fair bride,
Who led him back into the Land of Light.

Thus was she worshipped in the olden time
In shady woods and consecrated groves
By maids and matrons as their patron Queen;
Their votive off'rings many tinted flowers
In wreaths and garlands round her altars hung,
Appropriate, with lithesome dance and song
Amid the chant of joyous vernal quires—
Of cooing doves and merry tuneful birds
Breathing their lays of happy mated love
In harmony with that deep undertone,
The soothing hum of insects on the wing,
Fulfilling thus the objects of their being
In consonance with nature and with love!—
That boundless love, the, Genetrix that called
Them into life or else they had not been
Nor aught that is in beauty now revealed.
The kindly mother of the universe
That builds and rules the habitable shrine
Whether a man, an angel or a world,

A mite, an atom, or the smallest thing,
The robing forms in which the spirit dwells
That else would be unmanifest and void.

So thus she reigned the Goddess of the wave,
As still she reigns wherever man is found
In every time and clime, however named,
Whether called Ishtar now or Cybelé
Or Aphrodite of the Land of Song
Or gentle Lukshmi of the torrid South
Or Freya in the icy north adored.
But here within the Syrian groves now changed,
Transformed from her ideal loveliness,
To Ashtoreth the cruel Warrior-Queen,
Adored in martial dance with shield and bow
By maids and matrons all unsexed,
Equipped for war and thence called Amazons,
Having their model on the mundane plane
In proud Semiramis, the counterpart
Of Ashtoreth, at Ninevah revered,
The haughty wife of Mythic Ninus, famed
For martial bearing and imperious rule,
But more for lustful passion unrestrained
And orgies vile and nameless cruelties,
Though deified by mortals afterwards
And worshipped as a dove throughout the land,
The bird of love to which she was transformed,
So men avouch within her palace halls:
And hence the worship of her votaries:
Hence too the worship in the Syrian groves

Of cruel Ashtoreth by Amazons
In Martial dance with shield and bow equipped,
And maids and matrons with dishevelled hair
And breasts unbound and scantily attired,
Their nude limbs all in wantonness exposed,
Indulging in their passions unrestrained
During the celebration of the rites,
That first began in bearing effigies
Of bleeding Tammuz, 'mourning for the god,
The Solar hero, wounded in his prime
While hunting in the forest by the boar.
And hence the wail beginning with the chant,
Originated as the legend say
Or fostered by Semiramis herself.
That mournful chant so famed in every land,
And long by men unblushingly retained,
Wherein were many forced to take their part,—
Soprano-singers, loveless and unloved,
Who mourned in earnest for their own sad fate,
Th' untimely loss of their virility,
Themselves made partners with the wounded god.
And hence the pathos of the mournful strain
The wailing for Adonis in the groves.
A wailing melancholy chant begun
In solemn mockery with sorrow, feigned
But ending in a nude Satyric dance,
A Bacchanalian festival of lust
With wild excitement where the revellers
Their passions to the utmost might indulge
Unhindered, nay a virtue in them held

As worthy votaries, who thus displayed
Their ardent zeal in worship of their Queen,
Till wearied nature, with excitement palled,
Compelled them to desist and seek repose,
Retaliating further for they found,
Taught by experience, that the passions fired
And unrestrained in use immoderate
Still cloyed the mind, defeating their own ends,
Bringing disrelish from satiety
Instead of pleasure and the keen delights
That frugal love with rosy cheek reserves
For those who worship at her hallowed shrine;
For love abused through wantonness departs,
Leaving some wreck of passion in its stead—
Of passion which the bankrupt soul retains,
A poor exchange, for all its wealth of sweets
Now squandered on the reeking marts of sense
In coarse indulgence of base appetite
Until the human sinks into the brute;
The soul uncentered, parted from its stay,
Descending then unto a lower plane,
Deprived of its divine similitude,
To wander there within the grasp of law,
Bound hand and foot in outer darkness cast,
Till sought out and redeemed in time by love.
And hence the legends of those mortals changed
From human form by some Supernal Power
To animals in punishment, the meed
Of their offences 'gainst the gods and men;
Such as Actæon to a stag transformed

For gazing on the Huntress Queen unveiled;
And some to goats and fauns, and, viler still,
Others to dragons, serpents of the dust,
Constrained thereto, so mythic lore relates,
Of their own passions—hatred lust and rage
And jealousy, a monster born of self
Like that lean dragon in her sea-girt isle
Within her mansion, that in ruins lay
Deep in the centre of a gloomy wood.
A winsome lady once and free to roam
With her attendants through the bosky dells
Until transformed into that hideous shape
For her offences, so the legends say;
Her burning rage unsated even then;
For crushed within her folds she held and rent
With gory jaws the object of her hate,
A satyr now the partner of her crimes,
Allied with her in perfidy and lust,
And hence the victim of her vengeance still.
Both thus alike to evil forms constrained
In retribution of their evil deeds,
So to remain till love in time undoes
The work of hate and breaks the spell and leaves
Them free to take their human forms again.

Such was the worship in the Syrian groves
And coasts of Sidon in the cedar woods
Upon the slopes of hoary Lebanon,
And on the hills as offered unto Baal
And Ashtoreth, the nature goddess called

Astarte also with the crescent horns,
The kilted huntress with the bow, allied
Unto the moon the bearer of the dew ;
And further by the men of Ascalon
Into a vile and monstrous shape transformed,—
A mermaid, human to the middle parts
But ending all unsightly in a fish,
A form connected with her origin,
A crude materialising of the myth
As founded on the legend of the “wave”,
And wedded to the Idol Dagon, made
In semblance gross of that dim mythic god,
Who taught and ruled the Chaldeans of old,—
The Man -fish from the mighty waters risen,
The Solar god in the Celestial Sign,
The fishes in the heavenly deep revealed,
The moisture laden heralds of the spring.

These were the deities of Ascalon
And all the borders of the Philistines,
Perversions of the ancient nature-gods ;
And many were the transformations these
In divers lands as gods had undergone
But everywhere alike retaining still
The traces of their common origin
Through all disguises and the change of names:
For being by the sages heretofore
Designed as models worthy of regard,
Ideal gods for men to imitate,
They fashioned them upon the human plan

From whence arose their human histories,
Transformed as mortals on the mundane plane,
Their generations as the sons of men
With human passions good and evil both;
Their wars with demons, enemies of man,
The hostile powers of nature, also called
The powers of darkness as opposed to light.
And hence the heroes and the heroines
And demi-gods, redressers of all wrong,
The divers strong men of the nations round.

But many were the gruesome deities,
Vile images with sounding names, adored
In all these regions; for each people had
Some gross perversions of the old Ideals,
Renamed by them, or rather by their priests,
And then established as a tribal god.
But each and all alike implacable
Demanding blood of human sacrifice,
The immolation of both old and young
By ruthless priests upon their altar stones
Or burned by despots in their brazen maws
With strict observance of vain ceremony,
A fiendish ritual, that yearly grew
Yet more and more unmeaning and insane,
The imposition of a priestly class;
No end there seemed to their extravagance
In awful worship of their demon gods,
Until in time the monkeys in the woods
Laughed outright at the mummeries of men,

Or grieved in turn for their insanities
Incurable, the cause of endless woes.—
Priest-laden dupes, the worst of dupes where all
King, priest and earl are slaves to ignorance,
Bound hand and foot by superstitions dire
By man-made creeds, that fostered hate not love
Till lisping babes with infant lips soon learned
To curse their playmates of another "sect!"

Such worship here with human sacrifice
By men in civilization far advanced,
Proficients too in all the arts of life,
Seemed much more inexcusable and vile,
Than were the orgies of the Cannibals,
In which the sacrificial feast began ;
Which was withal to them a festival,
Partaken of in savage fellowship ;
A gory feast of selfishness and hate
To end hereafter in a feast of love !
But now, for immemorial years, by men
Attributed unto the gods themselves,
Who were the first to offer sacrifice ;
For all the Sages long had recognized
The complemental opposites that ruled
In all the realms of manifested life ;
And hence the law unchangeable that binds
Every expression of the Infinite,
The limitation of the One in form,
The One made many, subject unto law
Through every grade of manifested Being,

Where each becomes, though linked unto the whole,
An entity distinct and separate;
And hence the sacrifice of God set forth
In those old Vedas of the Aryans
From whence the legend of the Syrian King,
Who, when a plague had smote the populace,
So stay the same had sacrificed his son!

Such was the basis of their awful cult
The warrant for their human sacrifice,
Which year by year more virulent became;
And so went on transforming men to fiends
Among all ranks, but specially 'mong those,
Who save themselves as ministering priests,
Spared not the people, cowering slaves who lived
In daily terror of their awful gods,
So potent in the hands of fanatics
And tyrants led by superstitious zeal.
Nor did the Hebrews, who usurped the land
And dwelt therein, enlighten them in aught
Or teach them by example to restrain
Or check at all their human sacrifice;
But rather did the Hebrews learn of them
To serve their gods by offering up to Baal
Their children, though forbidden by their seers,
Becoming thus idolaters in part
And cruel immolaters of their kind,
Which they remained for ages afterwards
Until the light of ancient lore, again
Restated in the literature of Greece

Pervaded all the land and they became
Ashamed of idols, which they then renounced,
Holding unto their Hebrew God alone,
Whom thence they worshipped with imposing rites
Conducted by a special priestly caste,
Who added ever to the ritual,
Expanding still their priestly ceremonies;
And for the celebration of the same
Taxing the nation to the uttermost,
Until the people groaned beneath the yoke
Of priestly tyranny, and grew besides
To be self-righteous and intolerant,
Swollen with pride hateful, inveterate,
Vaunting their own superiority
As chosen people of the One True God,
Despising others in their ignorance
As out-cast heathen whom they must not touch,
Becoming thus a race of fanatics,
Which brought full soon destruction on themselves,
Their arrogance by sore debasement tried,
Till they should learn that true nobility
Was only found with humbleness of heart.
For what is pride but ignorance displayed,
A phase thereof in most offensive form,
That spurns all others till it knows itself
And learns due meekness in abasement vile;
And with it comes the hate that men must glut
Unto the full, till sated, and they come
In course of time to hate their hatefulness.
And yet tis only meet, as will condemn

The fox and wolf for being what they are:
We, all of us, are undeveloped too
Else this unmeasured scorn would not arise,
Do what we will, unbidden in our hearts;
It pains us, and we would it were not so.
Perhaps we must endure such in the "flesh"
As means of education on this plane
Until translated to a higher sphere!

But 'mong them, too, as though it were a law,
That each extreme is by another met,
To counterbalance their intolerance
From ignorance and overweening pride,
The great Essenic brotherhood arose,
For meekness, love and loving kindness famed,
Because instructed in the ancient lore,
The wisdom of the Sages of the East.
A brotherhood who had their centres fixed
In all the cities, and sent far and near
Their messengers to teach the Word of Truth
The "saving word," to all who were prepared,
Being instructed to receive the same;
For, in the brotherhood, the Kronian Christ,
The ever Coming one, had come to men
To teach the "Word," restating it anew
To suit the masses, pining for the "light,"
A Christ within and not a Christ without,
Not one in one place, single and alone,
But thousands upon thousands multiplied,
• Yet later in one grand Ideal expressed—

One grand Ideal, from Egypt newly called,
Objective made upon the ancient lines—
Objective wholly for the multitude,
Who must have something tangible to fix
Their wandering thoughts, too feeble else to grasp
Ideal types apart from outward form:—
A human Christ, the Buddh of Palestine,
Ideal and real, or, rather, both combined:
A type amongst the highest yet conceived,
Save for some touches for a special end
By falsifiers of the Word of Truth,
Who bent upon their own aggrandisement,
Or ignorant, in mental darkness bound,
Had sought to fabricate authority
To countenance their dogmas and designs.
A human type above the human mould,
Based wholly on self-sacrificing love,
For ever old, and yet for ever new;
A model type for all the sons of men
With power to lift them to a higher plane!

An old-new type, but like all types in time
Perverted from its primal aim and made
The central idol of a priestly class,
Whose object was to keep men in the dark,
The abject slaves of lordly hierarchs,
The very opposite of him, the meek .
And lowly One whom they professed to serve,
But mocked instead with cruel irony;
Professing poverty they rolled in wealth

And revelled in the lap of luxury;
Professing meekness and a lowly mind
Their pomp surpassed the regal pomp of kings,
Whom they had made the vassals of the Church.
Professing also to enlighten men
They crushed all thought, forbidding men to think;
For upon ignorance their power was based.
For ages long they fought against the light
With rack and torture, direst cruelties,
Dread mutilations of the human form,
Preventing each and every attempt
To teach the truth and free men from the spell
Of ignorance and priestly tyranny—
Gods worse than Baal, to whom were offered up
In bloody sacrifice for centuries
Millions of hapless human beings by men,—
Were-wolves in clothing of the sheep, to whom
The priests of Baal and Ashtoreth were mild!

But here again the gen'ral law prevailed,
That one extreme is by another weighed,
So vengeful hate is overtopped by love ;
For through the night of ignorance and strife
And cruelty the grand embodiment
Of love ineffable, not all obscured,
Shone out, transforming many gentle souls
Into the likeness of the Christ-Ideal.
Others by persecution were evolved,
By trial perfected, for many fought

Against the tyranny and offered up
Their lives in voluntary sacrifice
To gain the freedom of their fellow men.

And so the bitter struggle thus went on
And shall go on for weary years the same
Until the chains of ignorance are burst
And dawning comes, the night of darkness passed
And men have gained their liberty and gained
The right to think, and thinking soon become
The lords of earth, in nature's secrets versed,
To rule the elements and span the seas
Till all the world is one great highway, girt
With roads and "liners" linking race with race
In one community of banded states.
Then will men get, the time requiring it,
A new re-statement of the Ancient Word
To guide them in their earthly pilgrimage ;
A premium then no longer set on crime
By men professing to wipe out all sin,
Sending the vilest straight to Paradise
Should they unto their formulas conform,
Or give assent unto a verbal creed.
For then again the Kronian Christ will come,
The ever Coming One, with revelations given
Through seers and sensitives by angel guides
To suit the epoch as in olden times,
In which the masses, not the few alone,
Will be recipients of the sacred Word—

The Word of Truth, gaining a higher step
 Ascending thus towards the grand Ideal,
 The measure of the stature of the Christ!



BOOK VI.

AND now unto another land they sped,
 The land of Egypt by the sacred Nile,
 That seat of learning where the Ancient lore
 For ages upon ages found a home
 Till it, restated by her sages, spread
 Through every clime, a civilizing power—
 Restated in the ever Coming One,
 The Horus in the cycles of all time;
 And there upon a towering pinnacle
 That rose abrupt amid the barren hills
 They took their stand, the Traveller and his Guide,
 Ere temple yet or pyramid was seen.
 While neath them in its annual flow outspread
 O'er all the plain between its craggy walls
 The mighty river like a mirror lay:
 Its glossy surface all unbroken save
 That here and there, as nature planted them,
 "Rose clumps of trees—acacias and the date

And sycamores that in the moonlight seemed
Like dotted isles upon the calm expanse
Of water slumbering in the balmy air.
A witching scene beneath its canopy
Of blazing stars set in the ebon deep,
Attendants on the moon, the Queen of Night
That with a flood of mystic radiance shone,
In that dry air undimmed by any cloud,
Beyond conception in a humid clime.

Then as they gazed upon the wondrous scene,
That seemed the soul insensibly to draw,
Attracting it with its magnetic power
Till thought was lifted to a higher plane
In silent worship of sublimity,
A change set in, for where the starry vault
With dotted isle and crag and pinnacle
Was mirrored by the moonlight on the lake,
A hazy mist descended and involved
Both cliff and isle and watery expanse.
And from the mist emerged as on a plain
A countless host, in serial order ranged,
Of living creatures, animals uncouth,
A strange assemblage yet in keeping meet
With their surroundings and the modes of life
For which designed; and framed each one besides
To gain advantage in the daily fight,
The struggle for existence that compels
To ceaseless effort, prompted by the law
That urges each to live and multiply,

Developing along their several lines,
Those special traits pertaining to their kind,
Regardless each but of themselves alone.
And hence the struggle and the ceaseless war
Betwixt all creatures for the right to live.

And now emerging from the hazy mist
Assembled there met as on some battle ground,
Creatures of every time and clime, convened
To take their place upon this fighting field;
To live instinctively by right of might,
Or failing this, by cunning to succeed.
At will the insect on the insect preyed,
And birds on these and on themselves alike
While vicious reptiles of the lizard tribe,
Among the trees or in the grass concealed,
Destruction dealt to teeming multitudes;
Huge saurians played havoc with the fish
Or warred with crocodiles among the reeds:
And on the plain the giant mammoths fought
Among themselves or to defend their young,
And ruminants for pasturage engaged,
While beasts of prey on these alike made war
And on each other—all the live long night
With savage yells contending o'er their prey;
And, still more terrible the dragons hung
Hard by some pass, suspended from the trees
Or lay in ambush by the waters edge
In readiness to snatch or fascinate
' What ever creature wandered nigh their lair.

And so death reigned triumphant over all;
And slaughter seemed a grim necessity
Where life itself was but a hungry maw—
A living tomb where myriads were interred!

Then with a sigh the Traveller asked his Guide:—
“What means this awful carnival of blood,
This awful mystery of death and pain,
That overhangs the realms of life and damps
The mirth of nature in her brightest mood,
That ogre-like with maw omnivorous
Devours all creatures, e’en the fairest found
Most loveable that beautify the earth,
Yet suffer most, the helpless prey of all ;
But chiefly of those evil denizens,
The prowling tenants of the wilderness,
The sight of which with sudden terror chills
Whatever creatures happens in their way.”

Then spoke his Guide in thoughtful language thus:
“That which to thee now in the present seems
A blur on Nature, hateful and malign,
Creation marring with a sense of wrong,
Will soon to thee a different aspect bear.
Meanwhile take note, that law unchanging reigns,
That God in nature unto law conforms—
The binding laws of “limit” for the sake
Of finite life in teeming creature-hood—
A Kosmic sacrifice in nature made,
The great Life Principle to Evil lent,

Embodied in malignant forms the while
That Love and Beauty may accrue therefrom;
For each expression of each special trait
Of good and evil in the concrete form,
Discerned in animal embodiments,
Are needed as the polar opposites
Of life upon the earthly plane expressed,
And needed in the forming of the self:
The basic traits of personality
Through selfishness, in growth of self, secured,
And consummated here on lower planes
Is due to animal propensities;
Nor ruth nor pity standing in the way
Until the basis of the self is formed.
The self-hood thus established in the dust
And made secure, ascending will expand,
Enriched by manifold experience gained
Through seeming ills upon the mundane plane.
The building thus in lowliness began,
Its history inscribed upon its walls,
Unfolding till the shrine completed stands
A glorious temple in the heavens revealed,
The bride adorned for union with her spouse!

Then having thus explained herself in part
She paused a moment, then resuming, said:—
“You now shall see objectively portrayed
What I in words have striven to convey.
Note well the transformation on the plain,
For there pictorially the mystery

Will be revealed, unfolded in thy view."

Thus said, she ceased for now they had perceived
A change set in among the animals ;
That all of them seemed into stone transformed
As though they had been fossils from the hills,
Rock-hewn in outline of their living forms.
And then anon a building from them rose,
Mysteriously unfolding from within
As through upreared by hands invisible,
A temple vast, a stately pile adorned
With fluted column, frieze and architrave
Wherein each creature to the life was seen,
A rising series in their order set,
Arranged as in a mystic book of stone
For every creature as an entity
Expressed a thought, embodied in its form—
A living thought, and therefore was it named
By man at first in keeping with its traits,
And so a sign symbolical became,
An object lesson and the vehicle
Of thought itself pictorially conveyed;
And yet phonetic, for the symbols grew
To letters till an alphabet was formed.
And further too those traits were utilized
As type-expressions of the principles
In man discerned in common with the brutes,
And hence were framed the many gods uncouth
In human shape with creature-heads affixed.—
Ideal gods with special attributes

Accented thus as object lessons, wrought
In wood or stone to set before the crowd.

The Temple, thus of many creatures reared
As by enchantment on the open plane,
A wondrous hieroglyph in stone, designed
To give a summary of nature, stood
Hard by the Nile in ornamental grounds
'Mid pillars, obelisks and statuary,
Yet rose itself a mount above the whole,
Rose in the centre of a shady grove
Of figs and date-palms with the Sacred Tree,
That which of old in mythic Eden grew
The Tree of Knowledge, of whose tempting fruit
The Serpent-god in that famed garden gave
Unto the woman, who did eat thereof
In ecstasy, till she entranced became
A Seeress and the Good and Evil knew

Then as they looked upon the mystic pile,
That on the plain stood forth to view complete,
A model temple for all people framed,
A change set in unfolding in their view;
Unfolding slowly like a bank of cloud,
To other shapes, diminishing the while
As though absorbed till all the building shrank
From its proportions and the mighty walls,
Removlded and within themselves, indrawn,
Straighway into a radiant being changed,
That stood secluded in the temple grounds
↑ Within the grove hard-by the Sacred Tree

And seemed as twain in complemental form—
An Image of the Deity, expressed
In all the grace of symmetry divine,
In naked and entrancing beauty shown,
Save that the features were in part concealed
Or thinly veiled, too radiant for the sight
Of mortals bound upon the earthly plane
To see displayed in all their loveliness!

Then here again unto the Traveller spake
His heavenly Guide in gentle accents, thus:—
“You now have seen unfolded in your view
The building of the Sanctuary itself—
The Sanctuary in lowliness upreared
From rude materials which in time transforms
To be the dwelling of divinity!—
The Mystic Shrine, which man has copied still
And symbolized in all his temples, reared
For daily worship in his earthly round:
Worship which he had inwardly perceived
By innate prompting of the voice divine
To be to him the breath of life and chief
Of all the factors in the building up,
Through kindling of his soular faculties
Of his own temple on the mundane plane;
And which he too from long experience knew
As most essential to prepare the soul
For transformation in a later stage
To be the home angelical, adorned
For the reception of her spirit Lord!

And to this end forthwith along the Nile
Appeared the builders of those mighty piles
To divers gods and goddesses upreared
And many deities in gruesome shapes,
Which they retained until in time the Beast
Was changed to Beauty in the human mould.
Transformed thereto as was that mystic shrine
That erewhile they upon the plain beheld.
But chief of all the royal fanes were reared
To Isis and Osiris and their son.—
The loving Isis, who for love had borne,
Disconsolate the heifer's lowly form,
Wherein disguised, unreasoning, and bereft
Of human speech she suffered all the pain
The dumb brute feels and passed through many lands
By Argus watched and by the gad-fly stung.
Till finally, by suffering perfected,
Strong love prevailed and broke the spell that bound
Her to the animal, transforming thus
The lowly heifer to the radiant Queen—

Nor were her trials ended even then,
Her many trials in the cause of love,
Which she had borne from sympathy that men
Might profit and escape in time the thralls
That binds them as the animals are bound
Upon the plane of grovelling selfishness.
For hardly had the gentle goddess wed
The Lord Osiris, that with him conjoined

She might alleviate the pains of men,
Than she beheld him by the dragon slain—
The Evil Typhon, who dismembered him
And scattered far his fragments on the flood.
Then did she mourn disconsolate his loss,
And wandered long in search of his remains,
Till in her son her husband was reborn,
The youthful Horus in his image made,
The manifest of his hidden light,
Who with his spear, the Dragon overcame.

Hence was it that those mighty works arose,
In palace, temple, sphinx and pyramid,
Erected by the priest-kings of the Nile
In exposition of their Ancient Faith.
Superb embodiments of thought, designed
With their imposing ceremonies and rites
To call up thought responsive in the crowd;
Each mighty fane a wondrous hieroglyph
Expressive of the mysteries of life:—
A book of stone whereon besides was set
Pictorially on column, porch and wall,
The final judgement of the soul itself,
When passing hence it reached the Gates of Truth
Where sat the Goddess Justice with her scales
To weigh therein each good and evil deed.
And by her side the Great Recorder, Thoth,
Stood with his tablets to set down the sum,
Showing of each the balance and amount,
Whereby, according to the count obtained,

The Judge, Osiris, from his judgement seat,
Delivers judgement, and forthwith the soul
Consigns to Isis in the realms of Light,
Elysian fields of bliss ineffable,
Or sends it branded on the forehead back
By monkeys guarded, o'er the stream to earth
In punishment, there to begin anew
Its round of rebirths as an animal
Gaining in time the human form again.

And thus it was those shrines were made to serve
As object lessons to the multitude,
Awaking in them all the faculties
Of love and worship, feelings of the heart,
And thought therewith that dormant else would lie;
Uplifting men, who otherwise had lived
But heedless lives like animals untaught;
For e'en the lowest were upraised thereby,
Through knowing not the meaning of the types
And symbols so apparent to the wise.
But those among them, who, unsatisfied
With idol worship and the blind belief
In many gods unquestioned by the crowd,
Desired instead to penetrate the forms
In type and ritual, and also proved
Themselves as not unworthy to receive
Instruction, had their teachers, who prepared
Them for admission to the Mysteries,
Wherein the All-embracing Fatherhood
And Motherhood of Deity was taught;

And further, too, objectively was shewn
The life immortal of the Soul apart
From cumbrous matter on the earthly plane.
In which the "wise men" of the nations learned
The wisdom of the sages of old time;
Which they returning to their people, taught
To others till the light of Egypt spread
Through every land, illuminating men,
Ere yet the skeptic and the scoffer came
With the invader and the infidel
To quench it at its centre on the Nile,
Involving in one common ruin all
Its regal fanes and temple-palaces.

And thus the Light of Egypt was preserved
In other lands, still guarded by the "wise,"
That else had been in dismal darkness lost.
For now indeed the time was nigh at hand
When Isis from her ancient home must stray,
Abandoning her temples on the Nile.—
Those gorgeous fanes where still the radiant light
Of morning in a flood of glory burst
Bewildering through pillared halls and all
The tinted courts, and tessalated floors
Where still was heard to greet the rising sun,
The matin-hymns of white-robed hierophants:
And where too in the hallowed light of eve
The choral music of the vespers thrilled
The worshippers till twilight drew the veil
And solemn silence brooded o'er the scene!

And now full soon the fateful time drew nigh
When Isis from her temples must depart
Ejected from her home upon the Nile.
And premonitions of the change appeared—
Strange portents, voices, spectral visitants
Oppressing men with bodings of unrest
And vague presentiments of coming woe.
’Twas said her statues had been seen to weep
And many from their places were removed,
And sobs and wailings issued from the crypts
And mingled even with the vesper hymns;
And also later in the night was heard
A choral chant by choirs invisible,
A parting hymn sublime and exquisite,
That with its cadence flooded all the place
Till passing hence it in the distance died
In softest murmers, like a whispering wind!
And ofttimes, too, at midnight hour was seen
About the temples in their priestly robes
A spectral host that in procession moved
Amid the courts, through halls and corridors
And Nile-ward thence along the avenues
Through lines of sphinxes on their pedestals,
And underneath those frowning idol-gods,
The solemn guardians of those mighty shrines,
So weird and awful in the midnight hour;
Colossal-statues seated and upright,
Clad with the radiance of the mystic moon
That with the glamour of her light and shade
Transformed them into ghostly shapes, that seemed

As spectral as the spectral host, that passed
Beneath them with their goddess to the Nile,
Where draped in sable lay the royal barge
Along the wharf in readiness, equipped
To bear her hence, a wanderer once more.
Which hardly had the ghostly pageant reached
Than all the deck with bustle was astir;
Then rose a cry with splash of oars, and lo!
The sable bark was speeding on its way;
And then the pageant into air dissolved,
And all was silent save the moaning wind
And lonely water washing on the shore!

Such were the premonitions that foretold
The passing hence of Isis from her home
Where she for ages upon ages dwelt,
A goddess worshipped by the multitude—
Their chief Ideal of redemptive love,
Having her type in nature with her child,—
In nature with her child, Humanity,
Her latest offspring from the Beast transformed
To Beauty in the human form divine!
A model thus for every time and clime;
Though often marred by priests and fanatics
With cruelties and superstitions vile.
And thus she sped upon her lonely way
To other lands, deep veiled and sorrowful,
Bearing her message to humanity:
The model still of perfect woman-hood,
However named, whether called Isis now,

Or Ishtar, Ceres or the Jewish Maid,
 The same in all; her worship being still,
 Though modified to suit the time and place,
 The gentle worship of Maternity,
 Embodied in the woman and her child;
 Not as an idol set before the crowd,
 But as the mother of the family,
 Incentives both to tender sympathy,
 Potent persuaders of our human kind,
 That conquered harsh barbarity by love
 Till from the brute the angel was evolved.
 Not one alone upraised above the Race
 But legions upon legions multiplied,
 A mighty multitude, increasing still
 Till all attain their being's end and aim
 Ascending to the heights of Deity !



BOOK VII.

THEN passed they hence the Traveller and his Guide
 From Neilos' flood through divers lands afar
 And misty regions unexplored, a waste
 Of wood and wilderness, until they came
 Unto the sides of towering Caucasus ;

And there as in the hoary eld again
Saw they the struggle of Humanity;
For as they paused upon the craggy slopes
Amid the woods and solitudes they heard
Uprising ever on the air the moans
And sobs of anguish as of one in pain.
A dirge like wail upon the wintry wind,
That swayed like wands the mountain pines and rolled
As with the voice of mighty waters, driven
In thund'ring billows on some rock bound shore.
And looking whence the wailing sound had come
They saw beneath a frowning precipice
A giant form in sombre garments draped,
With thoughtful brow, a woman in her prime,
Erect, benignant and of royal mien
Yet sorrowful, in whom they recognized
The mighty mother, even Ops herself
Or Rhea, mourning for her children whom
Her Kronian spouse untimely had devoured,
Leaving the earth untenanted and void
Until her son, Olympian Jove was born.
The King supreme of gods and men alike
Who haply by his mother's shrewd device
Escaped the hunger of his lawless Sire
Whom he deposed to rule himself instead,
Marking an era in the life of men;
For he thenceforth from high Olympus swayed
All peoples with the sceptre of the "law."
A kingly ruler, absolute but mild
To those his children, who to law conformed,

Taught by experience in the rounds of life
To be obedient to their father's will,
And hence with him were to Olympus raised,
His peers and colleagues, chosen to instruct
Humanity, a wayward minor long,
And under tutelage, who suffered still
In ignorance, not knowing to conform
Unto the laws that bind the finite life,
And thence rebellious, suffered from his bolts;
Nor knew that he was pitiful, nor wished
To punish them should they obey his will,
Who was himself amenable to law.

But though herein a signal step was gained,
Yet still their woes appeared but to increase;
And still her child the mighty mother mourned:—
Her child, Humanity, the Titan chained
Upon the rocks of frowning Caucasus
In patience suffering for the ills of men.
The struggling Titan, who defied the wrath
Of angry Zeus to curb his stubborn will;
Till by the thunder of the God cast down
To bear within the rugged mountain's hold
Still keener pangs, unpitied, unreprieved,
In darkness bound beneath the crushing rocks,
Until in time by dire experience taught
He bend somewhat unto the will of Zeus
And is again unto the light restored,
Escaping thus the pains of the abyss,
Though chained as yet upon the rugged steep,

Where he must bide a prisoner till he
With full obedience unto law conforms,
And hence his torture on the mountain still
The ceaseless knowing of the vulture sent,
The wrathful messenger of angry Zeus,
That on his vitals plied his gory beak
Day after day with pangs unbearable,
Until delivered by the stalwart arm
Of mighty Herakles of Io's seed,—
The wandering Io who for love was driven,
A lowly heifer by the gad-fly stung
Through many lands till by the Nile her woes
Found solace in the joys of motherhood,
And hence the love-descended seed whence sprang
The hero who the Titan should release,
The champion of the suffering race of men,
Who, when required or love-impelled put forth
His mighty strength to free the world of ills
By righting wrongs and slaying everywhere
The evil monsters that made men their prey
Till sacrificed upon the blazing pyre
From whence he was exalted 'mongst the gods
And worshipped as a saviour of mankind.

Thus of the Titan sang the Prophet bards
In vindication of great Zeus, who ruled
All nations with the mighty wand of law;
And of great Herakles, Alemena's son,
The type of prowess in the manly arm,
Put forth in service of humanity:—

The grand ideal of early chivalry
A model hero, long renowned in song,
That called up emulation in the crowd,
Thus adding to the stature of the Race,
For then it was of prime importance deemed
To train up men to manly exercise
And feats of hardihood so that they vied
In noble deeds each other to excel,
Becoming oft with much self-sacrifice
The public benefactors of their time,
Who by their service even unto death
Had proved their right to reign among the gods;
But not the gods embodied in the "Law"
But those, who rule as love personified

And thence it was that men in time acquired
The mould heroic, and in form became
The very types of manly symmetry,
With agile frames and stalwart arms endowed
To wield the club or bend the mighty bow.
But with th' attainment of the god-like mould
Were they prepared to take another step,
Adding thereto the curtesies of life
Of prime importance to the social state;
But needed teachers in addition now
To Heracles the wielder of the club.
Thence with the Titan from the mountain freed
They westward sped and to Cecropia came,—
Cecropia by the great Egyptian built,
Whence spread the lore of Egypt to the West,

And with them came the Traveller and his Guide
And took their stand on the Acropolis
Whence later rose Athene's noble shrine,
To note from thence the current of events.

And now from the Olympian heights there came
The Bright One in his father's likeness made—
Divine Apollo, son of mighty Zeus,
Revealer of his glory unto men,
A shepherd once, who tended to his flocks :
Bow-famous too who with his arrows quelled
The fearful dragon of the Pythian vale ;
But trained besides, of greater moment still,
In all the arts and the accomplishments
So needful to the progress of mankind ;
Who taught them, master of the lyre himself,
Divinest measures, poetry and song ;
And yet withal the mighty bow could bend
And throw the spear, a hero and a prince !
Hence was he chosen as the grand Ideal
Of manly beauty grace and symmetry
Whose statues hewn in Parian stone became
A standard for the sculptors of all time.

And with him as their leader came a train
Of many Nymphs, a banded sister-hood—
The Muses Nine on mount Pierus bred,
His delegates appointed to instruct
Those whom the genius of the god inspired
With visions of ideal loveliness,

That they the same should make available
For the instruction of the multitude;
Whether embodied as in works of art,—
In paintings and in snow-white statuary
Or flowing numbers, rhythmic dance and song
With harp and voice, divinest harmonies
Of sound and motion, colouring and form,
Now everywhere before the people set,
In city, temple, park and grove alike,
But chiefly on the great Athenian stage,
Where danced the maidens to the merry lute
With sylph-like step as though they trod on air
To nature's pulsing in her gayest mood.
Their lithesome movements, to the measure timed,
Entranced beholders with the harmony
Of rhythmic motion, that at every turn
The peerless beauty of their forms displayed:
The stage devoted to the muses' art,
The home itself of dance and song, besides
A rostrum and the school pre-eminent
Of all the people where the Prophet Bards
Set forth in plays and tearful tragedies
Their moral lessons of the right and wrong,
The laws of retribution and reward
And fate and chance and human destiny.
There saw, both sexes, to the life portrayed
By the performers of the Tragic Muse,
The condemnation and the penalties
Of those who disregarded in their acts
For sake of self, gold, hatred or revenge

The right to justice of their fellow men.
There Sisyphus, the type of greed and guile,
And treachery toils ever with the rocks,
With anguish trying to undo the past
By rolling of a mighty stone uphill,
Which falls as oft and whelms him in its fall,
As once it fell from mountain heights cast down
Upon his victims in some lonely pass.
There Tantalus, the slave of fierce desire,
Strains ever for the fruit beyond his grasp,
Long impotent from dull satiety,
And hopeless tries his raging thirst to quench
E'en for an instant in the tempting flow
Of cooling water, that eludes him still,
Receding ever from his burning lips:
And there the matricide, Orestus raves
With blood-dyed hands, a raging maniac
By the relentless Sisterhood pursued,
The fierce avengers of blood-guiltiness,
The dread Erinnys by his mother sent
With snaky locks too fell for human sight!
And Phædra too, the victim of remorse,
And many others whom blind rage impelled
To deeds of blood for unrequited love,
Or broken vows, or from mad jealousy,
A monster bred of utter selfishness,
The direst fury of the Stygian crew,
That without rest or intermission gnaws
Its victims with the fangs of hate and goads
Them ever with the passion of revenge:

And there more dire, the Gorgons too while made
Avengers of the guilty were themselves
Set forth as types of those whom evil lives,—
Whom passion, hate and perfidy had changed
From forms of beauty to fell ugliness,
Expressive of the hatred that repels,
And mortals with a shrinking fear avoid,
That froze the heart, the fount of love itself
Until to them nor love nor lust remained
Nor any pulse of passion stirred the blood,
But fled with love that bounding life confers.

And further too was represented there
That patient love that saves the world from wreck,
Embodied in those kind and gentle souls,
Who yield themselves a willing sacrifice
And uncomplaining bear the weight of ills
And burdens due to others waywardness
Evoking by the sweetness of their lives
That kindness that conquers strife and leads
Still onwards to the brother-hood of men:—
Sweet souls that ever unassuming toil
Unknown to fame, both then and now obscure,
Save here and there a few more prominent,
Whose lives go down unto posterity,
A quickening power through all the centuries:
But all, obscure or famous had their types
Set forth in nature on a grander scale,
Which when personified by bards were made
Available to set before the world

And live in song as models for all time.

And chief of all these grand Ideal types
Was nature decked in bridal robes and wed
To her young lord the genial Sun of Spring,
Or widowed, mourning in her wintry garb,
Bereft of him, her light of life and joy
With whom she wandered by the rippling streams
Through verdant lawns and woods by Zephyrs fanned
Rapt in the bliss that love alone can know ;
Or as the goddess, Ops or Cybelé,
The mighty mother of both gods and men,
Or fruitful Ceres of the golden hair,
Who mourned her daughter, lost Persephoné,
Whose robe was rent upon the flowery mead
When gathering flowers of which she was despoiled,
Her rich blooms taken by the Gloomy God,
Who bore her with him to his dusky realms ;
But yet not wholly in these realms to dwell
But in the spring permitted to return,
A girl again upon the flowery meads
Gladding her mother who disconsolate
Had sought her, wandering over land and sea.

Thus was it that the stage was utilized
To teach the people, but the Prophet Bards
Went further and with scenic show inspired
A love of nature and the "beautiful";
For every nook by rock and grove was made
A theatre where ærial beings met

To dance in concert in a fairy ring;—
For wood and wild was peopled with fair forms:
Upon the mountains skipped the Oreads
And in the forest Hamadryads roamed
And every fountain was a crystal bath
Set 'neath a canopy of leafy shade,
Where Naisds sported in the heat of noon,
Or where the nymphs of stately Artemis
Assembled and with Artemis herself
Hot from the chase, unrobed their dainty limbs
And laved them there or lay upon the green,
Displaying oft their beauty to the gaze
Of sensuous men, who knew not love but lust.

Thus was all nature, earth and air alike,
Made teem with life and being, until man
Became enamoured of the wood and wild,
And fascinated, though he likewise feared
And shunned at eve the haunted grove or spring.
Nor was it all a fancy of the bards;
For in those days ere dim-eyed unbelief
Beclouded mortals, angel forms divine
Oft showed themselves amid the green-wood shade
At morning's prime or noon, a glorious train,
Bewildering the gaze of dreamy youth
Or youthful shepherd, languid from the heat,
Reclining mid the scented flowers, that starred
With brodered gems the soft and yielding sward,
While in his ears the love-notes of the birds
Made melody, low piping on the boughs.

In such like guise as Artemis beheld
Her dreaming love, the young Endymion
When she conceived a passion for the youth;
And filled with longing for his chastened love,
So worthy of her maiden purity,
Came unto him alone upon the hills
By moonlight, and unveiling as the moon
Unveils, emerging from a cloud, drew him
Night after night in ravishment to gaze
Upon the beauty of her peerless form
And feel her passionate embrace and take
Her virgin kisses on his eager lips,
Such kisses as for true love are reserved,
Which loveless passion knows not nor can know;
For loveless passion sates itself and finds
No relish but with blunted taste still feeds
On empty husks nor ever knows the joy
Of love's pure kiss, for love to love responds
In sympathy and wanes not, but still grows
And mingles ever not two souls but one,
For dear companionship, expressed as twain
In complemental mode, each unto each
A Polar force that life and love sustains
And binds in rhythmic harmony like two
Revolving orbs in equal balance poised.

And fairer too than Artemis and all •
The banded Nymphs, the Queen of Love, herself
Was seen of mortals as a kilted maid,
A dazzling vision, walking on the hills

Of wooded Ida where she loved to roam.
The Queen of Love, who in the dawn of time
Appeared upon the bosom of the deep,
Worshipped and known by many titled names,
Now Aphrodité, by the Grecians called,
Who rose, they said, from out the foamy wave
And took her place among Olympians
In Attic dress to suit the Greek Ideal.
Less serious now, but not less beautiful,
But more so; for in her the artist's dream
Of loveliness was more than realized
Which they for ages laboured to express,
From rude beginnings, rising step by step
Working with nature and excelling her,
Their work, with innate inspiration fraught,
Reacting ever on the multitude
Till plastic nature, moulding from within
With subtle force, the mental impulse caught,
And with a bound all human art surpassed,
For Aphrodité stepped upon the hills
In flesh and blood, the Queen of Love beyond
All power of art to equal or portray
In sculptured stone, in painting, or in words.

Yet now, in her new dress, in part deprived
Of her great office of maternity
By Royal Heré, who succeeded her,
Not wholly, for she could not be deposed,
Who reigns for ever in the hearts of men,
She and her child, the winsome Eros, who

Still shot his arrows as his mother willed.
Less serious than the conquering god of old,—
Horus the Prince of Royal Isis born,
Who quelled full soon the Dragon of the deep.
Less serious now but still a conqueror
With power to break the thunderbolts of Zeus;
For love is stronger, mightier than law,
Being the force, that builds the universe.

But none the less was Sovreign Heré chosen
To take the place of Aphrodité now
In her great office of maternity
Because her worshippers profaned her shrines
With orgies vile and gross licentiousness,
Which unrestrained would soon o'erstep all bounds
And place the people on the downward track,
The vapid slaves of moral laxity.—
An evil worship, which unchecked indeed
Would taint the life of the community.
And yet perhaps involved a sacrifice,
The sacrifice of many gentle souls
Who blur their lives that others thence may reap
Tenfold the fruits of virgin chastity;
As arid deserts bear the fierce Simoom,
Heated themselves, the stagnant air to move,
That else would breed but pestilence and death,
And landward draw the moist and cooling winds
With vapours laden from the ocean-deeps
To fall in showers upon some fruitful soil,
Awaiting thus their treasures to bring forth

The flowers and fruit that beautify the earth.

And hence, indeed, the need imperative
Of Sovreign Heré as the Matron Queen—
A new restatement of the old Ideal
Of motherhood, which raised humanity
Above the plain of sensuous animals,
And needed ever in the growth of men:—
The noble matron and the loving wife
Beyond all praise with calm and gentle brow,
The watchful guardian of the hearth and home
From all intrusion of impurity.

But furthermore with Sovreign Heré linked
Not less, if not yet more important came,
The fair Athené as the Virgin Queen,
Without whom Heré little could effect;
Or naught at all, for from the virgin still
The noble matron is herself derived;
And hence the worship at Athené's shrine
Of blooming maidens, proud of maidenhood,
And hence the Order of her virgins pure
Devoted to her service for a time,
Not contrary to love's behest nor made
Compulsory 'gainst liking nor life-long;
For passion pent up like a stream o'erflows.
Nor still less was it made imprisonment
Unnatural in dreary convent halls
In fruitless life 'gainst nature's highest law;
For wise Athené barred not human love,

The talisman that beautifies all life,
But ever sought to guard and foster it
By willing service from her willing maids;
For well she knew by continence 'twould grow
Expanding ever till they reached the bloom
Of ripe maturity, their sum of love
Increased thereby beyond what otherwise
Were possible in fickle youth's hot tide;
For who could know the ardour of that love,
The fruit of wisdom in maturity,
That shone ennobling all the countenance,
And like a hot fire smouldered in the eyes,
Awaiting its fruition when they changed
The Vestal's white robe for the Matron's veil.
The willing votaries of the Virgin Queen,
Who set before the virgins of the land
The fair Ideal of spotless Maidenhood
Till they too vied with them in purity,
Led by example, and became themselves
The noble mothers of a noble race
Of Sages, Artists, Bards, and Demigods,—
The warriors who met the Persian hordes
And conquered them on old Plataæ's field.



BOOK VIII.

THUS was it ever through Ideal Gods,
That man essayed to grasp the Infinite,—
That Guiding Power, Unseen yet Imminent,
Whose angel-guards are nigh the trusting soul,
Who knows the aspirations of the heart,
And unto whom none ever prayed in vain.
And hence it was through worship of Ideals,
As taught by sages and the Prophet bards,
Who sang the praises of Maternity,—
Young motherhood and childhood's innocence
And manly worth and virgin purity,
That they of Hella's classic land attained
Unto that male and female excellence,
That marked the hero and the heroine
And raised them nigh the stature of the Gods
And made them thus the models of the world;
But chiefly of the Romans and of Rome
Whither came now the Traveller and his Guide
To note the progress of the Latin Race.

And now upon the Tarpeian rock they stood
To mark the current of events and see
How mighty Rome, in early days ere yet
She rose to fame, copied the Greeks in all,
Until her people came to vie with them
In excellence, adopting as they did

The Greek ideals, gods and goddesses,
Whom they in Rome with equal ardour served
With like results for many centuries;
For Numa taught them with Egeria,
And bards and sages in the early days
Till they became the masters of the world,
And Greece succumbed unto the Roman arms,
Who thence transferred the trophies of her art
To grace their temples on the Seven Hills.

Thus did the Romans of the Grecians learn,
But fiery Mars, the god of war in time
Replaced Apollo, and still more and more
Engrossed the homage of the Roman youth,
Who now unsoftened by the influence
Of gentler worship lived for war alone;
For through the field of battle lay the road
To all preferment in the Roman State:
And hence the love of arms and combat grew
Till men inured to scenes of blood became
Like beasts of prey, regarding not the pain
Their rage for slaughter brought upon their kind:
And citizens, both sexes, old and young
More barbarous, demanded bloody shows
To make them sport to which they looked with glee,
Their chief amusement on their gala days,
When the Arena like a battle field
Ran red with blood of man and beast alike.

Thus Rome became a charnel house, but she

Recked not at all that nature soon deprives
The people who rejoice in cruelty
Untouched by sympathy for others pain,
Of that true valour that with mercy goes;
For cruelty and cowardness are joined—
A law of nature, needful; for indeed
Were it not so the beast would rule the world
To the destruction of the world in time.
Therefore it was the power of Rome declined
And paled before her Northern Conquerors.
Meanwhile, though doomed and rotten to the core,
Her Emperors by mad ambition driven
Still wrought for the aggrandisement of Rome,
While to themselves in overweening pride
They arrogated worship as the gods!
Nay such the hold ambition had of them
And boundless pride they lived still on in death;
That spirit so imperious did not leave
But like a restless earth-bound ghost remained
To haunt the place, a prompting influence
Long after Rome had fallen in the dust!

And so Imperial Rome, the centre long
Whence spread the laws of settled government
And civilization, culture and the arts
To many nations sunk in barbarism,
Now through corruption, slowly waned and fell.
Her rulers, once so upright now became
Relentless tyrants, slaves to vice themselves,

And all her people, sychophants and serfs,
Dependents on patrician families,
Or unemployed, were by the State maintained,
And Rome herself, a sink of infamy:
Religion dead, the ancient mysteries,
So sacred once made common and profaned:
The temples for the worship of the Gods,
But centres where the passions were inflamed;
Their wanton rites and ceremonies, a mask
For Bacchanalian revelry where all
Could gratify their passions unrestrained.

So worship and religion would have died,
For men believed no longer in the Gods,
And all the world had gone to wreck, had not
Coeval with the spread of unbelief,
Teachers arisen to proclaim anew
The Word of Truth, the everlasting word,
That sages taught in symbols, and that lay
Shrined in the rites and rituals of old;
But needing now restatement for the use
Of later times, restatement as proclaimed
By many teachers of the East and West,
The Buddhs of Ind and sages of the Nile,
The Theraputae or the healers called,
Whence too the brotherhood of the Essenes
Or Nazarines, a sect of Palestine,
Who sent apostles and initiates
Through all the cities and commissioned them

To teach the word to Greek and Jew alike.
And 'mong them many rose to eminence
And had their special followers, and then
The Prophet came, the mouthpiece of them all,
Transcendent and with power unique to draw
The multitude and mould them to his will;
An Avatar in whom the promised One,
The ever coming Kronian Christ had come,
Appearing in the fullness of the time,
To state to men the word of truth anew
Though soon by them materialized and changed.-
The voice of many merged in one Ideal;
Objective made to suit the multitude
Too dull to grasp the meaning of the Christ,
The Christ within that new life in the soul
The God incarnate, that redeems the race,
The higher self that with the lower pleads
With yearning ever and undying love,
Bearing the while the weight of all our ills.
Hence from the new restatement of the Word,
The word of Truth by ancient sages taught,
Arose in time the creed of Christendom;
A type and principle made personal,
One seer or many fused into the Christ
And based upon the old ideals framed
On nature myths and the celestial signs,
That marked the seasons in their annual round;
A revelation on the heavens inscribed,
The Solar hero on the vernal Cross,
Uplifted as the type of sacrifice

At Easter-tide, whom Royal Ishtar mourned
Ere he ascended as the Conqueror!
The Cosmic sacrifice of the Supreme
As manifest in nature and all things,
The Sun-god struck into the golden grain,
Transmuted in the myriad calyces
Of sun-kissed flowers into the bread of man;
His rays wrought in the chalice of the vine
To blood of Bacchus in the purple grape,
To be partaken of in fellowship,
A feast of Love to overflowing spread;
The bounty of the All-providing One,
Th' eternal sacrifice of God, who gives
So freely of his substance unto all;—
A feast of Love! to be with thanks received
That man through selfishness should never mar.

And with the Christ materialized and changed,
The Goddess Mother of the olden days,
Renamed and modelled as the Jewish Maid,
Became the mother of the Nazerene—
The Mother Mary with her infant child,
The counterpart of Isis and her Son,
The Mother of the nations, Greece and Ind
And all the East; and likewise with them came
The whole pantheon of the gods of old,
Disguised as saints to suit the Calender,
With all their times and festivals retained.

Thus from the new restatement of the Word,

Perverted by the priesthoods of the day
Arose anew the systems that had fallen
Of their corruptions in the lapse of time.
Arose in part on the old lines and soon
Became a superstition that enslaved
Its followers until the people groaned
Beneath the yoke of priestly tyranny;
And ignorance replaced the light of yore;
For men were now denied the right to think
Save as the priesthood willed, proud hierarchs
Greedy of power, bent on aggrandisement,
By Cæsar's spirit dominated still;
And cannot help it, sitting in his seat,
Who was likewise the high priest of his time;
Cannot indeed be other than they are,
Being bred up in a system of intrigue
With show of sanctity from early years,
Which served them well until in time they came
To think it real, imposing on themselves,
Like sloe-trees in the opening days of spring,
That put forth blossoms ere a leaf appears,—
A goodly show to end in sourest fruit
In waning Autumn as the Winter comes.

But yet the narrative of suffering love,
That told the story of the Nazerene,
Embodied as the Christ made personal,
And crucified, a sacrifice for men,
Sufficed indeed for many gentle souls
And melted them and filled them with new life ;

And many were the sainted ones that lived
And worshipped daily at his hallowed shrine,
Till art again in later years arose,
And from the canvas spoke the tale of love
To suffering souls, oppressed by many cares:
There gentle Mary of the artist's dream
With wistful face of child-like innocence
Appealed unto the suffering heart and drew
The tears of love and dedication down
The furrowed cheeks of those whom sin had marred
Until they felt the healing influence
Of that sweet face so loveable and pure.
And there the Nazerene with yearning look
Ineffable, entranced his worshippers:
And many were the erring outcast ones,
Despised of men, themselves a sacrifice,
That bowed in tears with sobs hysterical,
Touched by the pathos of that wan, sad face
Of suffering love, so tender and so meek,
And were upraised, transformed as though they felt
The living power and heard the words of him,
Who pitied all their wayward class of old,
As she the erring Magdalene, who long
In search of love had found at length her Lord,
Her true Ideal, the object of her quest;
And was transformed so that she bathed his feet
With burning tears and wiped them with her hair:—
A type appropriate throughout all time
Of the redemption of the erring soul
Saved by the spell of her Ideal love

Shrined in her heart despite her waywardness.
A soular type like radiant Psyche famed
In Grecian lore, who disobedient once
Was left a time untended by her spouse
In sorrow and to many trials doomed,
Bound by the passions, subject to the witch,
To whom unwittingly she lent an ear,
Who dragged her down into the gulf profound
Of utter night till hope itself seemed dead,
Yet could not quench in her the inward light,
That filled her soul with visions of her lord,
The Conqueror, subduer of her foes,
Who soon would take her to his heart again
Repentent and more beauteous than before
Clad in white robes with many gems adorned

Such was the art that rose in Christendom
On the old lines to humanise the West,
As in old days it humanized the world,
Encouraged by the Sages and the Seers;
For art and artists, not the hierarchs
Degenerate of later days, have been
The foremost teachers of humanity.
But hampered by the priesthood of the time
Being made subservient to their iron Creed,
Which gave to them the rule of heaven and earth,
Its humanising influence on men
Forbade to think, was cramped and limited,
Nay further, being made the vehicle
Of superstitious idol worship, it

Would soon have fallen as it fell of old
Though glorified and throned in palaces
And vast and dim cathedral aisles that rose
As fair as the creations of a dream;
For idol worship, indispensable
In ages dark when ignorance prevailed,
Must be outgrown, lest it retard the growth
Of intellect and that true worship based
On reason as the final arbiter
Of that which men should contemplate and hold
In reverence, that Power inscrutable,
The Boundless All of which man is a part,
A child thereof undying and secure.

And so despite the influence of art,
Nay with its help, the West again had fallen
Beneath the yoke of dark idolatry,
Had there not still through all remained a few
Who knew the meaning of the Ancient Word
And of the Christ, now by the priesthood changed,
And taught the same unto their followers
In private and in mystic language veiled
And 'neath the symbols of the Rose and Cross,
Whence rose in time the knights of Christendom
Beneath the banner of Saint George, the knight,
Who slew the Dragon, as did Perseus once,
Delivering the virgin from his folds.—
A few who still preserved the word of Truth
When all the world, relapsing from the light

To ignorance, passed through those centuries
Of utter night, the dark before the dawn,
As oft the individual ere yet
The morning of illumination comes,
Lies in the dark with hope itself nigh dead.

Thus was the lore, the Ancient Sages taught,
Preserved and guarded by the Brotherhoods
Till men at length at cost of sacrifice
Of millions martyred in the cause of Truth
Had broke the power of priestly tyranny
And burst therewith the bonds of ignorance
Despite the fagot and the burning pyre
With rack and torture at the hand of fiends;
Nay afterwards in later days as well
They stemmed in part the tide of unbelief,
The outcome of that gross materialism,
That rising science fettered for a time
Until the portals of the Spirit land
Were open thrown and angel guides came forth
Bringing to men upon the mundane plane
Their revelations from the spirit world:—
The life and progress of the human soul,
The habitation of informing Spirit;
The law of kosmic order operant
Through evolution on all planes of life.—
A wondrous Revelation that entailed
A new restatement of all former Creeds;
That shattered all the priestly dogmas based

On fables by the laws of nature banned,
Unworthy of the credence of a child,
With figments of vicarious sacrifice
Set forth in all its crude materialism,—
A premium and encouragement to crime,
Deluding men held in the grasp of Law.
A new restatement of the Word of Truth,
The glorious message of Kronian Christ,
The Coming One, now come again in all
The many voices from the Spirit world
Through prophet mediums as in days of old;
But not restricted in its scope as then
To hierachs and sages who withheld
Their knowledge secret from the multitude,
But openly by seers and teachers taught
Unto the millions of the world at large.

Thus from a few among the favoured class,
Who were enlightened in the olden days,
The sole recipients of the word of Truth,
Has higher knowledge reached the multitude,
Marking an era in the life of men,
The opening period of millenial times;
The era of illumination when
The teeming peoples of the world shall know
The meaning of the Christ and feel his power
Uplifting them unto a higher sphere,—
The Sphere of Rest and Love ineffable,
Their home of old in the ethereal Light!

BOOK IX.

BUT for this understanding of the Christ,
The higher self, the heritage of each,
Not by a few, but by the multitude,
In all its fulness, as in time it will,
New peoples from a new race must arise
And multiply, attaining unto power
To rule the world, their mission from of old,
Bringing the advent of millennial times
When men shall stand upon a higher plane;
When grovelling selfishness and strife shall cease
And all shall labour for the common weal,
Each happy in each others happiness
With no mean thoughts to mar their harmony.

But long the schooling of this Royal Race
And long their struggle with adversity
And long their growth from weakness into power
Ere this take place to leaven all mankind;
For evolution is the work of time,
No miracle that leaps the bounds of "law",
But as a spiral winding onwards still,
Alike through favouring or adverse fate.
A Royal Race, indeed, whose origin
Lies shrouded in the darkness of the past.

Tis only known they travelled west and came
From other lands to occupy the north:
Whither sped now the Traveller and his Guide
To note their struggle for supremacy.

Upon a height in northern latitudes
They took their stand, with sea and land in view
And pine woods round them swaying in the breeze
With deep voice louder than the ocean's roar,
Or silent standing in the gloomy eve,
The breath of Thrym condensed upon the boughs
In feathery plumes until the laden trees
Appeared like Jotuns in the dusky air,
Grim Hymir's guards in ghostly attitudes;
Or in the summer, ere the bright sun pass
With all the Northland, all its hills and dales
And sea-girt islands open to the view:—
A glorious vision of a land arrayed
In summer dress, as in a bridal robe,
A likely place, by morning's prime or noon
Or dewy eve, for gentle folks and fays
To hold their revels on its mossy lawns
With daisies and the yellow cowslips gay.
Or on the hills amid the purple heath
With yellow furze and fairy-thorns in bloom;—
A scene peculiar to those northern climes,—
A vision, dream-like, indescribable!
No Southern lands with all their wealth can show !

Then saw they how these north men of the past

A race of people come of Aryan stock,
Drove back the wolves and felled the woods and made
Their homes secure and peopled all the land;
Till needing room or on adventure bent,
They took to ships and battled with the waves,
Sea-Kings, with might and brawny arms endowed
To cast the spear and swing the battle-axe;
The worshippers of Odin and of Thor,
Whose creed it was to conquer in the fight,
Or with the fallen pass to Odin's Hall
To dwell with heroes, Odin's recompense
For bravery upon the battle-field.
A simple creed, effective in those days,
Nay still believed in by their progeny,
A race of Sea-Kings greater than their sires !

Great-hearted men, these mariners of old,
Whose creed of "Might" was linked with kindness,
For they were worshippers of Balder too;—
The gentle Balder, the benignant One,
The bright Sun-god, who wounded by the dart
Of mistletoe and poisoned by the breath
Of Thrym and Hymir, passed to Hela's land,
The land of Shades, where he must bide alone,
Save that his wife, his only comforter,
Braving the dangers of those icy realms
Where Hymir ruled who smote the rocks and rent
The hoary icebergs from their mountain holds,
Had sought him out to dwell with him therein.
And Hulda, too, they held in reverence,

Who cared their little ones by death removed,
Leaving a void that nothing else could fill;—
It calmed their grief to think of Hulda's love!
And added much unto their kindliness,
For love begets love in the human heart.

Rough warriors, but full of sympathy,
With tender hearts wherein their greatness lay;
A noble trait, which they bequeathed in full
Unto their progeny in after years.
The grandest heritage they could receive,
For in it lay the secret of their power
And marked them out for sovereignty,
Fittest to rule, a blessing to the world.
Their mystic motto—hearts and lions joined !

So took they ship and sailed into the north
And founded home, and sailed again and came
Unto an island by report well-known,
And often touched on in their voyaging;
A fertile island lying to the west.
Thither they came and followed by their friends
At intervals, they occupied the land
With Britons, Druids Cymri and the Celt,
Old peoples, too, of Eastern origin,
Whom they supplanted, driving to the wilds;
Not wholly but absorbing them in part
Through intermarriage—blood relationship,—
A mingling of the races of the isle,
The fusing of the many into one,

A race improved, from many sources drawn;—
A race that sending out their colonies
In later days upon a grander scale
Shall mingle with the races of the world,
Supplanting and absorbing them in part,
As did their fathers on the Briton's isle
Till all the world, allied by blood in time,
Look on its people as one family,
Diversity a unity become,
Making one race, a mighty mingled race,
The crowning triumph of humanity,
Establishing the Brotherhood of Man,
The true Millennium looked for from of old;
So that it seemed the Hebrew prophecy
Concerning Israel might here apply
As so far as true of them; for in the seed
Of this new, hardy people of the north,
Apart from fragments of old prophecy,
Shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.
A chosen people for this end indeed;
For other claims but foster arrogance,
For those who most in upright ways excel,—
In truth and justice and true clemency,
Are still the chosen ones of God, ordained
To do His will by serving all mankind;
Their influence extending to the heavens;
For more important still shall be their work
And mission afterwards in Spirit Spheres
To leaven there and teach the "unprogressed,"
This is the latent cause that urges men

To fight for right and sacrifice their lives
To put down evil on the earthly plane,
Lest evil men, by evil motives led,
Gaining th' ascendancy hold sway on earth;
And entering the spheres confound all good,
And with their discords mar all harmony,
Making such "hells" as they had made on earth.
Thus is it nobler for the right to stand,
It being an instinct in the human heart,
Than yield to wrong, letting the evil grow
And gather strength, led by false sentiment,
The empty babble of self-righteousness.

Here did they multiply and overflow
A mingled race whose mighty progeny,
In after years, were destined to become
A sovereign people, ruling sea and land:—
A mingled race, the Anglo-Saxons named,
Or Saxons simply who had wandered here,
Pilgrims of fate impelled to find their home,
Decreed of old, where they should multiply:—
A sea-girt island big with destiny,
Long by the Roman from the Tiber ruled,
A place apart set in the Northern Sea,
Which now before the Traveller and his Guide
Uprose a moment through the mist of time;
A glorious vision of a glorious land,
The home of learning and true liberty,
And mighty centre of the world's exchange;
A Royal State, the growth of centuries;

For where the Roman ruled the Saxons grew,
And multiplied and sent their colonies
To distant lands, embracing every clime;
A company of nations with one tongue,
Alike by blood and interest allied.
True sons of Thor and wielders of his power,
Whose mighty fleets and armaments became
The envy and the wonder of the world.
But long the struggle in their island-homes
With marsh and fen and-jungle waste, besides
A war of centuries with their own kin,
And with the many enemies that rose
To crush them wholly, till in later years
An Uncrowned King, the sturdy Commoner,
Cromwell, renowned in leadership and war,
Attained to power and laid the basis sure
Of Saxon greatness and supremacy.
And after him as though indeed to guard
And add thereto, a band of men appeared,
Broad-minded men of world wide sympathies,
Fit legislators of a mighty realm,
Leaders of men, renowned for eloquence
Unrivalled in the history of states,
Here now alike in common council met,
The Sons of Britain and her sister Isle—
The Sacred Isle, the home of mythic lore,
The Land of Song, of Minstrels, and the Harp
So famed of old, in Erin's history ;
And greater still than all—the Land of Hearts,
Impulsive love that knows no formal mode,

But marred by dying creeds of olden days:
And then auspiciously as if to mark
The glorious advent of a grander time,
A Queen arose, Victoria well named,
Greatest of sovereigns of the "Order New,"
Her sway extending to the utmost isles,
Encircling all the habitable globe.
A Royal Lady whose long reign benign
Outran the period 'tween the old and new;
Around whose life should cluster memories
To find a voice in epic narrative
In far off days of that Victorian Age
When she, a kind and gentle lady, ruled,
No haughty monarch of a bygone time,
Regardless of the common weal or woe
But as a mother full of sympathy,
Who loved her people and was loved by them,
And in affection shared with her her son,
Succeeding her a kindly hearted prince,
Edward, the Genial and the well-beloved,
Shall likewise in the nation's memory live.

So will it be that the Victorian Age
Shall be looked back to as the pregnant time
When Science, learning, and arts received
Due recognition and encouragement,
Not hindered as they heretofore had been;
When Science, long by Superstition banned,
Stood free to search into all things and learn
The latent forces of the universe,

And bind them over, servants unto man.
For Science rose, attaining to new heights ;
Her girding bands encompassing the globe,
With lightning speed, flashing intelligence
Of men and things to earth's remotest bounds;
The dreaded sea an easy highway made
Uniting countries until then apart,
That men with ease could travel to and fro
And mingle with the peoples of all lands,
Seeing for themselves and learning of their ways,
Or bringing of their products in exchange.
Her wand, more potent than the Magian's rod
Smote with effect the long reluctant earth,
Compelling her her boundless wealth to yield
And hoarded treasures for the use of man;
Thus bringing all the luxuries of life
As ne'er till then within the reach of all.

But ere the advent of this happy time,
When Science shall have taught the nations how
To conquer earth the night of ignorance
Must pass away and true enlightenment
Must reach the masses, long the abject slaves
Of Superstition in its direst forms :
A tedious task and difficult, and yet
Though slow the progress of the multitude
In this direction in the early days,
Still none-the-less a change in time set in :
Old creeds, no longer credible, began
To lose their hold; the old gods had to go,

Being a hind'rance; for no peace could come
Where warrior and tribal gods held sway.
In ruder times, when ignorance prevailed
And men, like children, could believe all things,
They were realities and served their ends,
In that they served the people as ideals
Of excellence to which they should as aspire.

But long ere this the Sages of the East,
Who veiled the Infinite to suit the times,
And framed their gods as men could comprehend,
Ascending from rude tribal gods to gods
With higher and still higher attributes,
Until at length they reached the final stage
And made the grand announcement unto men,
That God, the All, the Infinite was Love!
And then, as was the custom in old times,
To suit the masses steeped in ignorance,
Who always looked for something tangible,
They straight transferred the Deity to earth
As Christ embodied in the Nazarene
Who rose above the teachers of the age
And taught the doctrine of self-sacrifice
And self-denial for the sake of men;
And sent abroad his followers to proclaim
A gospel of fraternity and love!

And yet the principle involved was old;
For all the nations of antiquity
Had likewise God-descended messengers,

Who wrought and suffered for the common weal,
And by their meekness drew the hearts of men;
Ideals worthy of all reverence,
Half men, half gods, whose human histories
Were allegories framed on nature-myths,—
On change of seasons and phenomena
Of sun and moon and planets in their course;
As was, indeed, and is, in greater part,
The human history of the Nazarene;
Symbolic truth, but upon clearer lines;
A new re-statement needed for the time,
But, hampered by the dogmas of a church
And rigid creeds, it soon became, in turn,
A superstition and a hinderance,
Retarding progress and enlightenment.

Thus was the teaching of the Nazarene
Perverted also till it soon became
But dogma, forms, and idle ceremonies,
And creeds, incredible to thinking men,
But which was used to hold the multitude
In mental bondage; for they were debarred
From learning and forbade to think at all,
Or question raise on any Christian creed:—
Creeds, for the most part, harmful and devised
To lay for men an easy way to heaven,
And bring much revenue into the “church;”—
Believe, confess, and to the rules conform,
And you in full shall absolution have
For all offences of whatever grade;

Or simpler still, believe right off and go
Direct to heaven, however vile your sins,
Nor shrift, nor penance needed in your case.
So, thus encouraged, did the rich men crush
And grind the poor, compounding for their sins
Or with the name of Lord upon their lips
Allayed their conscience with a form of words,—
Lip service, pleasing to self righteousness
But oft the sign of selfishness and pride.
And worse than this; for men, as the result
Were born corrupt, devoid of rectitude,
Believing naught in God or anything;
Their learning even serving but to make
Them keen to take advantage and purloin
Despite of right, the earnings of the poor,
The greed of gain with them all else outweighed
And so increased regardless of the "law"
That lawless anarchy seemed imminent,
And sharks were bred who preyed upon mankind,
And monsters walked unblushingly abroad
In search of prey, or lay in wait the while
The simple and unthinking to devour,
Till earth with violence was over-run;
Were-wolves and dragons veiled in human shape
Prowled everywhere to the despair of men.

So human progress seemed a mockery
And retrogression stared men in the face,
Till reason and the intellect rebelled
Against false worship and the hollow shams

Of lip religion and deluding creeds,
And thinking men demanded that the world
Should have instead a universal "faith"
Based upon science and the "laws of life,"—
A system such as reason could endorse.

And to this end men set to work and met
In solemn conclave and set forth their views,
And sifted all the records of the past
And all the Scriptures of the Orient.
The Ancient Wisdom then of fables stript,
And so re-stated and unveiled, that it
Became again a humanizing power,
With world-wide principles of brotherhood
And new ideals based upon the Christ—
The Christ within, a birth of righteousness,
The God incarnate in the human race,—
The One in multiplicity expressed,
A perfected, divine Humanity!

Then shall begin those times Millennial
When men shall be a "law" unto themselves,
Needing no codes, for graven on their hearts
The law of Truth and Perfect Love is found,
When none unto his fellow man need say,
As it was prophesied, "Know you the Lord"
For all shall know him, having him within;
Needing no creeds nor priestly plans devised
For the placation of an "Angry God;"
For anger is a human attribute

But has no place in God' the Infinite.
Neither is judgement all a future thing,
But present ever and in daily round;
For men are judged by their own acts and thoughts,
And from this judgement there is no appeal;
For evil thoughts, and acts through malice wrought
Imprint themselves upon the man himself
And mark him for the spheres where discords rule
And love and harmony are things unknown;
For as man thinks so is he in his heart.
But when the mystery of life is learned
It teaches man he is a part of all,
Linked with the whole in one united chain;
And teaches him he is with power endowed
To scale the heights of "being" free from care
And slavish fear, being at one with God;
For now, with higher faculties matured,
He stands upon a higher plane and walks
By open sight with heaven in his view,
Holding communion with its habitants
While gathering experience upon earth,
For earth is but the nursery of heaven.
Within his heart no vain nor selfish thoughts,
Nor stings of anger come to mar his peace,
Nor from without can guile of foes annoy,
Nor shafts of malice reach him, for encased
In perfect love he knows no enmity .
Besides to man whom love has thus transformed
All things are changed and nature, too, unveils
In aspects new her peerless loveliness,

In preparation and in training meet
For his translation to the Spheres of Light,
Where fairer flowers and brighter scenes await
The child of earth returned unto his home—
The home of spirits, angel forms divine,
Each one a spark from God, the Infinite,—
Great Brahm, the Causeless "Cause," the Great I AM
The Spirit Unconditioned, which is All,
The Absolute, inscrutable—The Life
That takes on form, Creative thought, Its Word
Working Its Will, ascending through all grades,
Thought feeding thought, an ever flowing stream;
Now taking form in manifested Being,
And now returning to the whence it came;—
Cyclic outflowing in embodiments
In new creations and returning still,
Enriched by manifold experience gained
In outward life, and upon many planes,
For rest in God to come again anew,
Impelled by the necessity of Being,
With nothing added, nothing taken from;
Its pains and woes indifferent to the spirit,
The man himself, the Ego that defies
All strife and stress, being part of all that Is
Biding its time, undying and the same,
Secure from loss in "action" as in "rest"—
The changing phases of the Infinite,
Through cycles vast of mighty ebb and flow,
Repeated still through all Eternity!
And yet most needful and most glorious

These alternations in the Universe
That come afresh to break monotony
With new beginnings and alternate change
For finite beings of whatever grade,
Who gladly thus to active life return,
Climbing, of creature-hood, the vast ascent,
Gaining experience upon every round
Till all is gained and rest again ensues—
The rest of God in bliss ineffable!



The Tower of Ambition.

(Selected from the "Conqueror's Dream.")

— * —

“ **T**HOU would'st descend? Ay, if thou could'st ;
 too late !
 That cord that drew thee up, ambition's cord,
Will never serve to let thee down ; yet more
Come see the steps by which thou did'st ascend :
Come witness here a sight to strike thee dumb :
Behold them clotted o'er with human blood !
And hideous raised on piles of human bones !
And see beyond-- thy work upon the plain !—
Those mangled carcases and heaps of dead
On which the wolves and carrion vultures prey !
How fair the vision from this cloud capped-tower !
What ! is the prospect now to be admired ?
Hearest thou that cry ? that cry that rends the air !
The homeless orphan's and the widow's cry !
The wail combined of anguish and despair !
Seest thou their tears ! Wilt join them in their woe !
With them weep drops of blood ? Thou hast good
 cause.
Descend and mourn and act the comforter.
Think'st thou they will appreciate thy grief ?
Will't heal their wounds ? Wilt call the dead to life ?

Descend and further blast them with thy sight!
Descend and they will strangle thee outright!
Though here they will extol thee as a god!
Descend indeed! never! here must thou bide
Till time release or fate dispatch thee hence
A mangled corse to mingle with the dead,
Whose bones are whitening on the desert plain,
Where late with haughty head and stormy brow
Thou rodest in blood and, foremost in the van,
Thy voice above the din of war was heard."



The Palm Groves.

(Parel, Bombay.)

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IN the dimming light of evening,
 By the water's haunted margin,
 Rise the palm groves, grand and gloomy,
 Waving weirdly in the twilight,
 Sighing sadly in the night-wind;
 To the ocean's wail responding
 As they chant their lonely vespers
 O'er the spectres and the shadows,
 O'er the graves of the departed,
 O'er the bones of the forgotten—
 Bleaching bones that strew the sea-beach
 From the faithless sands uplifted.
 Full of awe and full of sadness
 Is their moaning in the twilight,
 O'er the fitting ghosts and shadows,
 O'er the human bones that whiten,
 Wasting, mould'ring on the sea-shore.

What a language in their waving!
 What a history in their singing!—
 Tales of ages, dim, uncertain,
 Long before the glacial epoch

When uncouth primeval monsters
Wandered by the Arctic ocean,
By the melancholy waters
In the forests of the north-land.

In the dark of distant ages,
Ere man was they sang his coming:
For for him were they created.
Now they sing the past and present—
How they taught earth's infant races,
How they for their wants provided,
How they gave them in abundance
Cooling drink and food and shelter.

Lovely date palms, bending downwards,
Proudly, showed their tempting clusters;
Saying, "Take them, they are for you,
For you only have we grown them."

Feathery cocoas, waving gently,
Pointed to their laden bosoms,
Pointed to their nuts and fibres,
Pointed to their sheathing network
Wrapt around them like a garment:
Hinted to them, "Do as we do,
Take our fibres twist them neatly,
Work them into pliant cordage,
Work them into woven textures,
They will serve for many uses."

Then they told the secret also
Where they kept their oils and sugars,
Where they kept their pleasant juices;
Where they kept their subtle essence;
Told them how they should ferment it;
Of the pleasures it would bring them,
Of the dangers that would follow:
How the good it would make better,
How the wise it would make wiser,
How the strong it would make stronger,
How the vile it would make viler,
How the fool 'twould make more foolish,
How the weak it would extinguish.

Thus the nations were instructed
In the rudiments of knowledge,
In the principles of progress:
But they sang in riddles darkly,
Sang in accents deep and thrilling,
From the worldly crowd concealing,
To a chosen few revealing,
Other secrets, greater, grander,—
Of a higher life hereafter,
Of the culture of the spirit,
Of the harmonies of nature,
Of the source of strength and beauty,
Of deformity and weakness.

Slowly, step by step advancing,
With their mystical suggestions

And their never-failing bounty
They arrested man's attention.

Then he looked and pondered deeply
On the meaning of their being,
On the riddles they propounded,
On the secrets they would teach him.
Looked and pondered without ceasing
Till his inner eyes were opened,
Till the spiritual unfolded,
Rolling back the mist of ages
In the fervour of love's dawning,
And he felt the keen excitement
Of a new life lit within him,
Of a love till then unthought of,
Beauty kindling on his senses
With the rosy blush of morning.

So the palm trees were his teachers
Stimulating love of nature,
Filling him with thought and feeling
And a sense of admiration
Till their beauty flashed upon him,
Coming like a revelation,
With a promise in the future
Of a mightier unveiling.

•

Then it was he sang in rapture,
Sang in rapture of emotion,
Of the arrowy palmyras

When the moonlight through them streameth
And the starlight o'er them gleameth
In the ebon vault of heaven!
Sang he also of the date trees
Rustling in the sultry noonday;
Of the cocoas tall and slender,
Gently bending to the east-wind,
Grandly swaying to the west-wind,
With their wealth of leaves resplendent
Floating on the ærial currents,
Tossing in the winds of heaven;
Of the grandeur of their motion,
Of the magic of their singing,
Of their anthems, deep and solemn,
Rising, flowing on the night-wind
Like the sound of distant waters,
Like Æolian harps in motion,
Breathing forth their mystic music,
Played upon by unseen fingers,
By the spirits of the ether!

Thus they sang in distant ages,
Sang the singers of the old time
In their scriptures and Puranas;
Sang the magians of Persia
By their altars in the deep woods;
Sang the wise men by the Indus .
In their wondrous mountain valleys;
Sang the dwellers on the Ganges
In their shady topes and temples;

Sang they in their deep seclusion
Far removed from toil and turmoil
From the noise and strife of trading,
From the rush of pleasure seekers:
And the dismal wreck and ruin
Of the multitudes in bondage,
And the undeveloped mortals,
Groping blindly in the darkness.

And so sing they in the present:
In the sultry Indian climates,
In the shadow of Pagodas,
By the sacred groves and rivers
May be heard the ancient measures
Of the beauty of the palm trees;—
How they lead their lives of pleasure,
Lives of playfulness and pleasure,
Sporting with the winds of heaven,—
Now with amorous caresses
Turning coyly to the east-wind
Softly breathing with endearment;
And anon with bolder gesture
Heaving wildly to the west-wind,
Keenly throbbing with emotion;
Like unthinking pleasure seekers
To the roll of music dancing:
In their passionate excitement
Moving faster still and faster;
Whirling in their giddy motion
Till at length they sink exhausted,

Pleasure seekers, unenlightened,
Living wholly in the present,
In the glamour of the present,
Lives of physical enjoyment,
Missing still the grander secrets
Of the spiritual within them,
And that mightier excitement
Of a love they comprehend not;
Of a wondrous love they know not
Till they learn it of experience,
Of experience that compels them
By the lash of sin and sorrow
To comply with wisdom's teaching,
For the culture of the spirit
Lying dormant and neglected;
But essential above all things,
For the quicker evolution
Of the soul's life hid within them.

So the palms of every species,
In the childhood of the nations,
Ere the dawn of civilization,
Were the friends and were the teachers
Of the infant race of mankind.
Ever vieing with each other
Ever giving and bestowing,
Showering comforts on the people.

In the unrecorded epochs,
In the twilight of the ages,

In the past more than the present,
For their urgent wants providing.

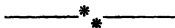
Thus they lead their lives of pleasure,
Of munificence and pleasure,
Sporting with the winds of heaven.

In the sunlight and the shadow,
In the dreamy, sultry noontide,
In the haunted air of midnight,
In the soft and mystic moonlight,
Ever vieing with each other,
Ever singing, waving, sighing,
Sporting with the winds of heaven;
With the amorous winds of heaven;
Leading heedless and unwitting
Lives of gaiety and pleasure,
Till they each in time sink prostrate,
Shattered by their faithless lovers;
Till the whirlwinds in their anger,
Till the storm-winds in their fury,
Reeling swaying with emotion,
In their madness seize upon them;
Till the cyclone, loud and boisterous,
Rushing blindly in his passion,
With his fierce and rude carresses
Snaps them through the slender middle;
Sweeps the cold earth with their tresses,
With their fair and flowing tresses,
And, unheeding, onward passes,

Sinking beauty in corruption,
Shrouding her in gloom and sadness,
Shrouding her in death and darkness,
In the darkness whence she issued,
Springing into light and morning,
Into the momentary earth life,
For the gaining of the knowledge
Of the tree of Good and Evil;
Of the knowledge dearly purchased
Through a manifold experience:—
Through experience sad and dismal,
Through experience marred and broken,
Through experience bright and hopeful,
With a promise of redemption,
Of redemption in the future
Compensating for the sorrow,
Yet experience swiftly passing,
Passing like a transient meteor
Flashing in the dark abysses
In the depths of the unknown!



Niagara & Nature Worship.



THEY worship Nature who in sympathy
 Respond as children in a happy mood
 To her appeals for admiration, when
 Before them she, in beauty robed, appears.
 For she with subtle influence would draw
 Them ever into closer unity,
 That they themselves as one with her, might grow
 To be what they admired and loved,—the shrines
 Divinely fair, of beauty realized
 In angel-hood transcendently adorned.
 And hence the secret of that mystic tie,—
 That natal bond that man and Nature binds
 On every plane in mutual sympathy;
 For all men in their several degrees
 Respond to beauty, prompted from within
 By intuition of the soul, that seeks
 The “beautiful” as her inheritance,
 That from of old unto herself belonged;
 And needful now, unto her new ascent,
 Her cyclic growth on divers mundane planes.
 Hence, too, the sense of admiration, which
 Is worship and the tribute of the soul,
 Whether accorded in the halls of art
 Or Nature’s temples fashioned by her hands.
 For Nature’s temples everywhere exist

By hill and dale, and mountain waste and plain,—
 All places where, in someway specialised,
 The modes of nature forcibly appeal
 Unto the senses; and although oft-times
 They seem to pass as though they were not seen,
 Yet will they nestle in the memory
 To be again subjectively recalled;
 And ever with increasing pleasure till
 The soul attuned to harmony, vibrates
 To every passing mood of earth and air,
 Like an Æolian harp arranged to chime
 In concert with the rustling of the leaves!
 But though the sensitive see everywhere
 The “beautiful” in Nature, and are thrilled
 To ecstasy with every pleasing trait
 Whether of form of colouring or sound,—
 A single warbled note, a fern, a flower,
 A drifting cloud, a ripple on the meads,
 The lifting leaves that silver in the wind,
 And every mood that wakes responsive thought;
 Yet are there scenes that never fail to move
 The wonder of the least discerning, as
 If nature with a view to educate
 The senses and the dormant faculties
 That slumber in the soul, had there prepared
 A spectacle upon a scale that would
 Compel the admiration of the crowd,
 And so become a place of pilgrimage
 Where thousands meet to worship and adore;
 If not with outward ritual and form

As in the temples on the streams of Ind,
Yet with the inward homage of the soul
In silent gaze and solemn reverie!

In divers places and in different zones
Are nature-fanes so specialized, that each,
Though holding much in common, have their own
Peculiar features that distinguish them
From others of their class, as mountain chains
And woods and lakes, and rivers, that are held
Long sacred as the Ganges, or the Nile
That sweeps by Thebes and by the pillared halls
Of Karnak and the city of the sun.
These rivers of the Orient have each
Their features of absorbing interest.
Their mighty volume and majestic flow
For ever drew attention, and enchained
The mind with that magnetic influence
That oft induced an inward ecstasy.
And hence their rank as centres from of old
Of Nature worship that in lapse of time
Expanded and increased, till round them grew
A solemn ritual with stately fanes,
And sumptuous courts and palaces, adorned
With mystic art in sculptured symbols wrought.

But in the West, far distant and beyond
The ocean-waste amid the solitudes
Of sombre woods and virgin forest, rolled
Another flood—Niagara, far famed,

But long unknown save to the Indian tribes,
 Who looked upon the mighty tide with awe,
 Regarding it as the abode of some
 All-potent spirit or divinity,
 To be placated, and, if troubles came,
 With sacrifice and offerings appeased.
 Yet still no temples here with art adorned
 And symbols, as in eastern lands, were reared.
 Nor were they requisite where Nature made
 The whole a temple in itself, complete
 With all accessories of groves and tanks
 And sparkling caves and crypts beneath the "falls,"
 Upon a scale transcendent and unique.—
 A Nature-temple where the vast display
 Of power unlimited o'erwhelms the mind,
 Till many in abstraction find relief,
 And, heeding not the present, seek to call
 Up visions of the past, ere yet the march
 Of civilization jarred upon the peace
 And stillness of the mighty solitudes,
 And in imagination seem to stand
 Beside some solitary wanderer,
 When, in amazement, first among the woods,
 And in the silence of the dawn he hears
 The deep monotonous thunder of the falls;
 And when his eye has caught the view afar
 Of that persistent cloud of floating mist
 That, pendant, in the early morning hangs
 Upon the forest, clinging like a shroud,
 Or rising like a pillar in the air.

They seem to see him listen! look! and pause
As full of expectation he pursues
His pathway through the wood, till presently
The mystery is solved—a wild expanse
Of tumbling waters like a deluge now
Has burst upon his sight! He stands before
Niagara! and silently adores!

And many are the points of vantage round
This far-famed centre of attraction, where
The congregated thousands meet to scan
The different aspects of the mighty scene.—
By Table Rock on the Canadian shore
They gaze in wonder on the troubled sea
Of tossing billows sweeping to the falls,
Endeavouring, in vain, to realise
In some dim way the magnitude of that
Amazing torrent, hastening there to sink
'Mid clouds of spray into the wild abyss.
And by the lesser falls beneath the rocks
They mark, amid the driving rain, the rush
Of waters from above, as though they fell
From out the clouds, descending with a boom,
Compared to which the roll of surging seas,
Of tempest, thunder or the hollow bass
Of many organs pealed in unison,
Is weak and insufficient to convey
An idea of the volume of that sound,
That fills the air continuous and vast.
Or in the winter from the ice that jams

The river with interminable blocks
 In piles irregular—a frozen waste ;
 Or from the summit of the great snow-mound
 They note the wintry aspect of the scene,—
 The quaint formation of the glacial flows,
 Disposed in sheets white-gleaming by the “falls”—
 Like falls solidified—or ranged in part
 As pillars, statues, colonnades and crypts,
 And pendant spears, a myriad crystal shapes
 With glittering points and iridescent hues.
 Or on the isles that lie above the “falls”
 They mark more wonderful the laden trees
 In feathery plumes of snow-white drapery,—
 Note how they stand, conspicuous afar,
 But in the dim light of the gloaming change
 To shrouded forms in divers attitudes,
 Upright or leaned, till every bush and bough
 Seem like a giant or sheeted ghost,
 And all the place a haunted rendezvous
 Where teeming fancy, as in days of old,
 Or yet no fancy, but clairvoyant power
 Might in the moonlight when the lunar bow
 Is on the falls, behold the banded nymphs
 And Naides, from their caves emerging, join
 To hold there dance in mazy circles there !

There is oft, too, another wintry phase:
 When mist, a blizzard, or the falling snow
 Infolds the rapids, hiding their extent
 From nigh the centre to the further shore,

That portion left, emerging from the gloom
And rolling by the Terrapins to sink
In gloom again into the yawning gulf,
Conveys a sense of vastness undefined,—
A feeling vague of awfulness and power
That whelms the mind until it longs for rest
And peace 'mong scenes less turbulent and vast
For souls from action wearied seek repose;
And there is oft a sense of rest in change,—
A sense of rest in peaceful life, that flows
In unity with universal Being.

Yet rest may always on those isles be found,—
That peaceful rest that from contentment flows:
But chiefly in the later months of spring
When all the birds returning from the south
Responsive sing among the groves and add
Their flute notes to the bassing of the falls;
And when the air is laden with the breath
Of balmy shrubs and fragrant firs and pines,
And divers trees burst newly into leaf;
When all the sward is like an emerald,
And every nook is gay with living flowers,
And every flower a hospitable inn
Where toiling bees, and buzzing gnats and flies,
Leaving awhile their aerial dance and song,
Find rest a moment and regale themselves,
Imbibing nectar from their ample stores.
At such a time the thoughtful wanderer,
On musing bent, an inward peace will find,—

A peace arising from the harmony
 Of Nature, manifested in the throb
 And on-rush of that pulsing life that fills
 The vision with a myriad pleasing forms,
 And all the air with choral melody;
 That boundless life that with the summer comes
 To fill the rounds of its activity,
 Exulting in the sense of Being, until
 Its period lapse and needful rest ensues
 In peaceful states of subjectivity.

Preparatory phases notify
 The advent of this yearly rest or sleep;
 For hardly has the summer passed before
 A gradual change or slow infolding for
 The indrawn or quiescent state appears.
 The joyous hum and gladsome notes that filled
 The air of morn or sultry noon are hushed,
 The mazy dance of ærial life has ceased;
 And all the birds, that with the spring arrive
 Are flocking now or on their journey south,
 While o'er the woods the breath of autumn sends
 A hectic bloom, the sign of ebbing life,
 Yet rivalling the colours of the spring;
 For all the woods, the river-gorge and isles
 Are now aglow resplendent in new robes
 That far outshine the bridal robes of May;
 No longer woods they seem, but gleaming tracts
 Of Titan flowers that vie in brilliancy
 Of colour with the rainbow on the falls,

And radiant seem as if, like passing saint,
A ray of glory reached them from beyond!
Such bloom lies on the face of Nature now,—
A bloom and smile, as though she seemed to say,
“I go to rest—I sleep, but do not die!”



The Soldier's Cemetery at Khandalla, India.



DID chance select, or hand of genius mark,
 Or wide-controlling destiny decree
 This fairest resting place of those that were
 And are, though from our mortal ken withdrawn?
 The lone Alastor wand'ring 'mid the wilds
 And barren rocks of frowning Caucasus
 Found not a grave 'mong scenes more wonderful
 Than those that lie in striking grandeur round
 Khandalla's hill-encircled cemetery!
 The mould'ring forms, erewhile instinct with life,
 That now within its hallowed precincts sleep
 Were they once Nature's gentle worshippers,
 That thus before their silent tombs she spreads
 With lavish hand her richest drapery?
 On either side uneven mountains rise
 In quaintly varied and fantastic shapes
 Of spire and dome and minaret and tower,
 Colossal heads and sentinels and forts
 Where dwell the gnomes who keep the wealth of Ind
 In secret mines and treasure vaults, ablaze
 With diamond, ruby, emerald and gold,

With sapphire, topaz, and the many gems
That shine and sparkle in the magic light;
Diffused around in that dim under-world.
Primeval forest clothes the deep ravines;
And trailing creepers in profusion hang
Their draping garlands from the arching boughs,
Till flower and spray and foliage combine
To form a noonday shade, a cool retreat
By crystal fountain, rock or elfin mound,
The chosen haunts of many a sylvan queen.
Cascades, when storm and drenching rains prevail,
In foaming torrents from the uplands rush,
Or fall abrupt with hoarse resounding din,
Their hollow thunder ever rolling on
With solemn swell and filling all the air
As though they sang eternal requiem,
For ever mourning by the tomb of youth,
In life's gay morn from love and beauty called.
In concert, too, from yew or evergreen,
The jetty whistler of the steep prolongs
Its strangely sad and melancholy strain,
So plaintive yet so careless and resigned,
As if withal, oblivious of the past,
It reck'd not now nor aught of sorrow knew,
Or knowing, only dimly feels the weight
Of pain and loneliness that once oppressed
And tinges still its querulous refrain
With haunting reminiscences of woe!
While far beyond the towering hills and peaks
That stand so clear between the earth and sky,

Spreads, mirror-like, reflecting light and shade,
A shining inlet, of the Indian Sea;
Its waters, now with mimic flame aglow
And painted in the hues of evening, send
The gilding beams of the departing sun
Athwart the green mounds of the cemetery
Where lie the relics of the risen dead,
Like rays of hope, that ever seem to say
There is no death, but only change of state!
Ye came in turn from out the great "Unseen"
To gain experience on this outward sphere;
Then fret not for the earthly vehicle,
The instrument that nature here assigns
That each may learn the riddle of life within
The inner chambers of the mystic shrine,
But trust what yet for you, on divers plains,
Is ever being through cycles vast evolved,
Through periods dim of mighty ebb and flow—
The rhythmic beatings of Eternity,
Controlled by love's necessitous impulsion!



Khandalla & Nature Worship.

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PART I.

THE RITUAL AND THE FANE.

UPON the Ghauts, a place of old upheaved
 In billowy masses from the vast abyss,
 'Mid scenery such as in dreams might come,
 Unfolded in the silence of the night,
 Khandalla lies —a few rude dwellings set
 Upon the slope beside the mountain's brow,
 A tiger's beat and traveller's resting place,
 With soldiers, huts and bungalows hard by.
 Then sweeping round, a rugged wilderness
 With jagged outline in the distance looms,
 With plains before, and hills and winding streams
 And sunlit seas and woods and open tracts
 Extending wide to meet the ocean wave,
 Or melt in haze on the horizon's verge.
 And walled around with rock and reaching far
 Among the mountains upland valleys run,
 With thunders filled, and echoes and the din
 Of waters, and the souging of the wind,
 The chant of song birds and the ceaseless hum
 Of teeming insect and of forest life,—

Æolian harpings with the woodland quires,
And torrent bass-notes swelling on the air,
Deep hollow as when in a shell is heard
The restless sea resounding from afar.

But how describe the indescribable!
Or paint in words the wildering display?
On either hand, and nigh the hamlet, rise
Contorted rocks in wild disorder piled,
And mountain wastes and rugged towering heights,
Crowned with rude semblances which fancy deems
Like elfin towers or vast enchanted halls,
Where legends say the mountain demons dwell,
And Jins and Ogres from the days of old.
Fantastic peaks and frowning pinnacles
Uplift their summits in the light of day,
Like sentinels that keep eternal watch
As if to guard the passes and defiles:—
Hoar sentinels against whose stalwart sides
The wasting shocks of circling periods roll!
From age to age impassive and unchanged;
The same when their projecting masses stand
With outline clear against the azure sky,
As when enfolded in a shrouding mist,
They rise like isles above a billowy sea,
Or vaguely loom as through a rifted veil,
Obscure, transformed and threefold magnified!

But though the same, in form still permanent,
Their outer aspects change, and with the change

The whole surroundings dress anew to suit
And consort with the season and the time :
And with the changing moods of earth and air,
In sunshine, darkness, or in rain and storm.
And then, to suit the hours, a change is made,
And Nature robes afresh to meet the morn,
Resplendent in its glowing orient light !
The noonday dreamy in the simmering haze !
The evening, gorgeous in its crimson hues !

But for the morning Nature still reserves
Her grandest effort, and brings into play
The varied moods that with the morn arise,
And makes the most of every element—
Life, light and fragrance, colouring and sound,
And all the requisites of scenic art
To round the whole and heighten her display.
For morning is the time of service when
Her grandest ritual comes off—when all
Her worshippers in adoration stand
With tearful eyes, as, thrilled to ecstasy
They view the gorgeous spectacle unfold
And now the time arrived ; each in their place
Expectant wait the rising of the day,
And from the opening to the climax, how
Engrossed the mind ! in what receptive mood
They note the tints of morn, regarding them
As if the light without them and around
Resembled that which dawned upon the soul,
Reflected there by her own satellite.

For how suggestive to the thoughtful mind
The opening blush, the crimson cheek of dawn,
That speaks her union with the King of Day,
Who hies to fold her in his robes of light!

As up the east the growing splendours climb,
The fading shadows pass till all the heaven—
The hyaline, transparent vault is clear.
The hills and peaks in silent grandeur stand;
For silence reigns and hush, and stillness save
The hollow bass of waters in the glen.
No sound of living voice unless perchance
Some wandering echoes, as the low of kine
Or shrilling cry of startled water-bird.
No sound! for though the air is full of light
No ray as yet has touched the rocky heights.
But lo! anon it nears! and round them now
The radiance pours! the valleys feel the touch!
The sea of mist responds, and up the hills
In fleecy clouds the snow-white vapours roll.
And hark! the hum of waking life! and list!
The dove's soft cooing! and the bulbul's note!
The jetty whistler, and the mountain thrush!
The finches and the many warblers now
In concert joined, their morning hymns to chant!
The opening flowers their rival charms unfold
And wide diffuse their perfumed breath around,
As incense shed to add to and enhance
The rosy morn's intoxicating burst!
Now at the climax of its grand display,

When all things seem to live and sense delight !
 And when like living gems, a myriad forms—
 Moths, beetles and bright butterflies new-born
 Bask in the sun or flit from flower to flower
 Or to and fro for wantonness of joy !
 When earth herself in sympathy responds,
 And all the air is jubilant with song,
 And notes of exultation and the voice
 Of teeming life and whirr of gleaming wings !
 The blending harmonies of Nature's fane—
 Her music, fragrance, colouring and bloom—
 The gorgeous veilings of her arching dome ;
 Her scenic worship and the hierophants
 Before her altars in their priestly robes !
 All ! All ! arranged to draw her worshippers,
 To teach and lift them to a higher palne !



PART II.

THE CONTRAST AND ADJUSTMENT.

BUT if the fanes of Nature on the hills
 At noon-day, even-tide, or morning's prime
 Excel in scenic splendours and delight
 Their worshippers, they have their other moods.
 For times and qualities and all things have
 Their opposites whereby they are discerned,
 Accented and more realistic made.

More radiant seems the light of day because
 Of darkness and the night; and beauty more
 Transcendent still and beautiful doth show
 In presence of things loathsome and malign;
 And so upon the Ghauts the glorious scenes
 Of morn or eve more glorious appear
 Contrasted with their opposites, the scenes
 Of horror there, that time and night bring forth.
 For when arriving from the ocean waste,
 The angry winds, with vapours laden, set
 Their sable banners on the hills and blow
 Aloud the signal for the coming strife,
 The elements take note and soon reply
 In crashing peals, that ring on every side,
 And rending fires that play around the peaks,
 And in the night and ebon darkness blaze
 As though the heavens a conflagration filled
 With cloven tongues and sheets of lambent flame.
 The streaming clouds, like broken water spouts,
 Send rivers foaming from the heights, till sapped
 And mined by floods the hanging cliffs give way,
 And, thundering, fall with wasting ruin fraught.
 The winds in tempest wails respond, as though
 Upon the crags the storm wights shrieked aloud!
 The lone and dismal wailings blending still
 With ghostly echoes and the noise uncouth
 Of torrents, hoarse-resounding from the glens,
 And crashing trees and rocks and toppling stones
 And thunder peals reverberating wide.
 For all around in fitful cadence swells

The din confused of warring elements
With all the dissonance of ravening beasts,
Commingled now and ringing through the night
As in a concert weird and terrible!
Far other voices than the notes of morn
With coo of doves and warblings in the brake:
And with them too, in keeping, other sights
Than those of trees and verdant fields and flowers
And gentle birds and gay-winged butterflies:—
Far other sights on which the waning moon
Now and at times sheds momentary light;
A pallid ray through the departed clouds
That close again, and all is darkness save
That instant, and anon the lightning's flash
Lights up the landscape with a sudden glare,
Intensely brilliant, and enough to show
The gen'ral features of a wild weird scene:—
A passing glimse, as of a picture draped
In circling folds of ebon darkness round:—
A strange weird picture in the background, set
With frowning rocks and pinnacles and peaks,
But in the fore-ground, villas, trees and fields
Hard by a steep with vast ravines beneath.
And prowling round about the fields at large,
The restless tribes that haunt the rocky wilds,
By instinct led, and hunger pressed, are on
Their nightly vigils and accustomed rounds.
Some raid, for garbage, all the village nooks
And ravening, howl with horrid dissonance;
Some scamper far, and some in ambush lie

While others, growling, rend their captured prey;
Or in a howling pack collected, rend
And tear each other fighting for their share
Of some foul carcass or more dire repast
A strange assemblage of all evil beasts:
And 'mong them first the awful serpent brood;—
There, in the pass, a gaunt snake lies in wait,
A dragon fell, in dreadful guise uprolled,
Intent to seize and bind in deadly coils
The unsuspecting brute that wanders nigh.
The dragon, long the terror of the waste,
Of all embodied evil forms most fell;
The foul expression of malignant hate
And lying malice, to its shape constrained.
Among them too the great dun tiger stalks
With cheetahs, ounces, panthers and their kind;
And jackals noted for their ghoul-like cries;
And direst of the brutes that roam the wilds,
Hyenas for their mocking laughter famed.
And over-head as if to round the scene,
Disclosed a moment by the lightning's flash,
Glide hooting owls, on silent wings conveyed,
Like restless spirits wandering in the night.
And with them, vampires, flitting to and fro,
And flying foxes that infest the air,
Or hung, head downwards, on the pipal trees
With flapping and infernal screaming, fight
Like harpies from the Stygian pool uprisen;
Or ærial demons from all quarters there

In pandemonium met; for all the place
And all the air and every branch and bough
Seemed living, and re-echoed with the strife.

Such are the scenes among those hills at night—
An aspect of the mystery of evil—
Of "evil" irresponsible, and held
Apart from knowledge of all right and wrong,
Yet regulated and restrained by "law"—
The law of "instinct" rigidly enforced.
Hence, in addition, when the waning moon
Illumed at times with feeble light the hills,
Creative fancy still conceived that high
Enthron'd upon the highest point, she saw
The giant outline of a female form
Draped round about with mystic robes and veiled;
And in her hand a scale and lever held,
As though she regulated and controlled,
As on a stage the dressing of the scene
That lay outspread beneath her and around;
Allotting to the divers groups engaged
Their several places, offices and parts,
And to their numbers setting rigid bounds:
Herself, the while, impassive and unmoved,
Surveying as if a trivial matter, that
Which seems to us so hateful and malign:
Until one asks in wonder, How it is?
Who will explain the hidden mystery?
Is it engrafted on the Law of Being
Having its basis in necessity,—

A Kosmic sacrifice by love impelled?
The Boundless entering the binding laws
Of limit for the sake of finite life,
The individuating of the One
In endless multiplicity of forms—
From high to low, from low ascending still,
Till from the brute the radiant angel springs.
And have the Bright Ones coming out from rest,
For active life on many mundane plains,
Of their own choice elected to descend?
And ere descent, or in descending, laid
Aside their memory of previous states?
And have they chosen, of their own free will,
The entering on incarnate modes of Being?
And chosen, evil as a "sacrifice,"
Directly knowing the consequence thereof,
Or, afterwards, in ignorance, not knowing,
As legends and veiled allegories tell
Of Lucifer, through intellect misused?
Through intellect that knowing Good and Ill
The latter chose for selfish ends and aims;
And hence by law inevitable changed,
Like that proud Babylonian King, condemned
To dwell with oxen and with them to browse
Bereft of intellect that made him man
Till over him full seven times had passed;—
The law of life and evolution that
Both retrogression and progression guides;
The law of "correspondences," misnamed
The "curse," which says:— "Since thou hast done this

thing,

Upon thy belly shalt thou go," constrained
To forms that with thy mental states accord.
In these be selfish as you will, and form
A strong brute-individuality,
And learn yourself while others you instruct,—
A willing or unwilling sacrifice,
By so appearing on the lowest round.
Thy self-hood thus completed and secure,
Into the universal will expand,—
The Universal that perceiving all
Beholds as one the Evil and the Good,
For through the whole a single purpose runs.
In either case the end is still the same,
The teaching and perfecting of soul
Through seeming ills, by labours manifold.—
The soul! the radiant temple of the spirit!
The glorious bride, transcendently adorned
For nuptial union with her heavenly spouse!

And so the dark and painful mystery
Of evil, here in nightly round recurs;
But with the darkness always disappear
The wandering tribes of warring animals,
The dragons, ghouls and vampires of the night,
And all the brood that roam the wilderness,
Alarmed or blinded by the light, disperse
To lurk in dens and drowse away the day.
While in the east the rosy morning breaks,
As breaks at times the light upon the soul

Through clouds of darkness and cimmerician doubt.
The towering peaks no longer, threatening, frown,
Looming gigantic through the mist and gloom,
But rise aloft, majestic and serene.
Again the flowers on plant and tree unfold,
Shedding their perfumes on the morning air.
And on the wing gay birds and butterflies
' Disporting flit or in the sunshine bask.
The warblings of a thousand tongues unite
For all the singers of the brake are come
To sing in concert, till the hills and dales
Resound with sweetest melody and all
The welkin rings with jubilant response,
Waking the founts of rapture till the earth
Seems glad, and sympathising Nature smiles!



The Influence of Art in the EVOLUTION OF PERSONAL BEAUTY

(*Selected from "Humanity and the Man."*)

*
—

FOR now again Urania shall descend,
 Divinely stooping from her heavenly sphere
 And here on earth the torch of genius light—
 Light with her own transcendent loveliness,
 Until her votaries enraptured burn,
 Filled with conceptions of the Beautiful
 By Sympathy mysterious instilled:
 Beauty howe'er expressed in song or sounds
 Harmonious or comeliness of form;—
 Of form that fixed in Parian stone shall stand
 In outward mould the rival of herself
 In grace divine, in matchless symmetry.
 Genius her minister and spouse ordained
 To stand between her and the multitude
 To sway their minds, that she to them may yield
 Some leaven of her own celestial life
 Some measure of her loveliness inspired
 By contemplation of the "beautiful"
 That they, thereby, her lovers may become
 And grow, by inward aspiration drawn,
 To be themselves what they admired and loved—
 A race of gods, immortals, though on earth,
 Fairer than fabled deity of old
 Or nymph or Naiad of the wood or stream!

General Exploiting.

(Selected from the "Conqueror's Dream.")



F evil omen truly is the sign
 When craft and cunning blur the intellect
 And simple truth and honesty are fled,
 And knavery among all ranks is found—
 From him who starts a bubble company
 To him, the keen imposter who exploits
 Even the bible and old prophesy
 Telling his followers to pay their gold,
 Which he hath need of to prepare the way
 For the immediate coming of the Lord!
 So long delayed but now at length at hand;
 For is he not the great "forerunner" come.
 No constitutional palladiums try
 When nations come to grovelling pass like this,
 Decrees alone peremptorily enforced,
 Not words and soothing arguments well framed
 To guide and to persuade, will then avail
 To stay the maſady incurable
 That, cancer-like insidious infiltrates
 Through every nerve to civilization's core.
 This truth of primal import ever thou
 Must bear in mind not trusting doctrines vague,
 Endless propounded to the multitude

With much parade though all to none effect
When each by fraud would the advantage hold
And monsters prey like fishes on 'their kind
Though not like fishes unprovided else.
Wild scemes, at best of doubtful efficacy,
Delusions vain, fair arguments on false
Foundations based, to wit that evil may
Be reasoned with, persuaded to be good!
As soon believe that leopards change their skin!



The Sons of Albion.

(Re-printed from "Humanity and the Man.")

—*—

BUT soon emerging from the fight were seen
The conquering sons of mighty Albion,
Whose mystic symbol is the rising sun,
Afar as yet from its meridian tower,
When it shall light the nations of the earth:
For nursed and cradled in their island homes,
Struggling through centuries were they prepared
To hold the reins of sovereignty
And destined with their kindred o'er the seas—
The citizens of great Columbia
And all the lands beneath the Southern Cross—
To rule the nations and impose their laws
Upon all peoples, sending rulers forth
And princely founders of Imperial states
With truth and honour as their grand ideal:—
Right worthy men to rule in equity,
Inspiring confidence in all alike,
With tact and judgement and that kindness
That softens justice and that seeks to rule
Rather by love than terror of the sword.
No propagators of a special "faith"
But tolerant upholders of all Truth

Wherever found in systems old or new :
And patrons of the learning of the East
Long hidden from the peoples of the West ;
Bound by no creed but human brotherhood,
The One religion of humanity,
That all may hold, till all allied by blood
Regard each other as one family
Of kindred nations with one common tongue— :
The tongue of Shakespeare, Milton and the bards,
That came to fix the language of the world !



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